# Saturday Review

July 25, 1964 25¢


## THE WHITES IN AFRICA

### WHAT IS THEIR FATE?

By Hugh Foot


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Citizens of a new Congo (see


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RECORDINGS

## AFRICAN DANCERS AT THI

By Robert Farris Thompson


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# Avis is No. 1 in Poughkeepsie. And already we've had a few complaints.

The light that failed.

Not long ago, our man in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., phoned us. "We're top dog," he said.

He sounded cocky.

Since then, we've watched Jack Newman closely.

He's already let through one dud signal light. Maybe he'll graduate to empty gas tanks.

But success hasn't done him much harm—yet.

His service is still snappy and the Fords he rents are as new as they come. (Like Avis people who are only No. 2, he doesn't run his cars past 20,000 miles.)

A few more complaints from you Poughkeepsie people, though, and we may have to put in someone a little less complacent.

So watch it, Jack.

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# Forgotten road to success in writing

## One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

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By J. D. Ratcliff

I can't understand why more beginners don't take the short road to publication – by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you. I've made a good living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

### A wonderful life

I've interviewed a dozen Nobel Prize-winners, including Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state, at least one king, scores of leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm at home, or abroad on assignment, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day – no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

### How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine caught in a balloon that ran wild. Check the contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find articles you might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas – from accounts of dramatic new heart operations, to a report on an astronomical observatory built out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, you must master the tools and techniques used by all successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" to work with me.

Such help is now available to beginners everywhere through the Famous Writers School – founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Max Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

### A new kind of writing school

We poured all our secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you send an assignment to the School, one of our instructors – themselves all professional writers – spends up to two hours analyzing your work. He blue-pencils corrections on your manuscript, much as an editor does with established authors. And he returns it with a long letter of specific recommendations on how to improve your writing.

Your course begins with the fundamentals upon which every writing career must be built. Then you get concentrated training in writing articles and other non-fiction. (If you prefer, you may specialize in Fiction, Advertising or Business Writing.)

### Students breaking into print

Our School is young. Yet students, many still in training, have sold their work to over 60 different publications, including *Reader's Digest, Redbook, Popular Science.*

"I've done it!" writes Lillian Maas, after her first article was bought by *Better Homes & Gardens.* "I feel as if I'd joined a club composed of the most vital and literate individuals in the country."

"I've just sold an article to *True* for $1,000," reports Alfred E. Gaumer. "This is the first thing I've published in 20 years of trying, and I owe it all to your training."

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, our students find great intangible rewards in writing for publication. As my colleague Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being . . . makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart, you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

### Writing Aptitude Test offered

J. D. Ratcliff and the other Famous Writers have designed a revealing Aptitude Test. The coupon will bring you a copy, plus a 48-page brochure about the School. When you return the Test, it will be graded without charge by a member of our instructional staff. If you do well on the Test – or offer other evidence of writing aptitude – you may enroll for professional training by the School. You are, however, under absolutely no obligation to do so.

*11,000 newspapers and Sunday supplements also pay well for fresh material.

"Jack" Ratcliff on a typical afternoon stroll through the New Jersey woods, where he conceives many of the articles that prompted *Time* to name him "America's No. 1 craftsman in the field of non-fiction." Although he writes no more than four hours a day, he has had over 100 articles published in the *Reader's Digest*, and hundreds more in such magazines as *McCall's, The Saturday Evening Post* and *This Week.*

Famous Writers School
Dept. 6512, Westport, Connecticut

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County.....State.....

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*Saturday Review*

**July 25, 1964**

Cover photo by **N.C.**

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## Pop and Corn

Edited by Martin Levin

### The House That Hartford Built

This is the tall museum
That Huntington Hartford built.

This is the wall
That stood in the tall
Museum that Huntington Hartford built.

This is the picture
That hung on the wall
That stood in the tall
Museum that Huntington Hartford built.

This is the critic who blew his horn
And called the picture the rankest corn
That hung on the wall
That stood in the tall
Museum that Huntington Hartford built.

This is the artist all forlorn
That cursed the critic that blew his horn,
That called the picture the rankest corn
That hung on the wall
That stood in the tall
Museum that Huntington Hartford built.

This is the public, opening morn,
That cheered the artist all forlorn,
That spurned the critic that blew his horn,
That cried, "If brooms and bras and torn
Umbrellas are art—then why not corn
That hangs on the wall
That stands in the tall
Museum that Huntington Hartford built?"

—Edward Eliscu.

### A Bird in the Book

IT IS hard for a dedicated naturalist to maintain the appropriate mood when he is being exposed to fiction; there are too many distractions. And sometimes it seems that the authors are distracting him on purpose. Shirley Ann Grau, for instance, wrote *The Keepers of the House* in the first person, so that the credibility of the protagonist becomes an important part of the mood-making mechanism. On the fifth page the speaker, Abigail, tells us "A screech owl pumps silently past the corner of the porch, avoiding the light." I smile a little at her ornithological naiveté; it almost certainly wasn't a screech owl, for they rarely come that close to a light, and their fast-flapping flight is not well described by the term "pumping." For the barn owl, however, this is an excellent metaphorical term, and the barn owl *is* frequently seen around lighted habitations. Abigail is probably a good, although untrained observer; she has noticed that this "pumping" kind of owl often makes a screeching noise, and has logically assumed it to be a screech owl.

This diagnosis receives mild support a couple of lines later: "I hear the brief scream of a rabbit; the owl has found supper." So it couldn't be a screech owl; they could *never* kill rabbits, although barn owls might do so occasionally. Or maybe it was a great horned owl; it sort of pumps when it flies, and rabbit-catching is something it does very well. Or it might have been—let's see, where is this story taking place? Back on the first page, it says something about the "Smokies," and there is a lovely line about the "Providence River." Is there a Providence River among the Great Smoky Mountains of the Carolinas? My atlas fails to produce one, although it clouds the issue by producing a set of Smoky Mountains in Idaho.

This has been going on for years, and not only in books. Movies are even worse. I remember being captivated, many years ago, by a tender love scene in a romantic New England garden, with the beautiful Helen Mack playing opposite (I think) Melvyn Douglas. Their New England location was quite important to the story, and I was convinced. Then the whole illusion was shattered in the rudest possible manner: a wren-tit began to sing! Everyone should know that wren-tits are found nowhere outside a narrow belt along the California coast—right where the movie studios used to be located. With this sort of hanky-panky going on, it became obvious that Miss Mack and Mr. Douglas didn't really care for each other at all, but were only acting—and for a salary.

The most suspenseful moments can be spoiled by these anornithologisms. I remember Spencer Tracy (he was either Stanley or Livingstone) trying to find his way along a lonely African lake shore, when a killdeer suddenly started up in front of him. "Do killdeers live in Africa?" I began wondering. "After all, the family Charadriidae is practically cosmopolitan, and this may be a very widespread species: "I'll look it up when we get home . . . But where might I find this? I don't have any African bird-lists at home . . . Guess I'll have to run down to the lab before I go to bed. . . ." By the time my mind returned to the picture, Stanley and Livingstone were together. I never did find out how they managed it.

Another example of this sort of thing exists in a little town I pass on my way from La Jolla to Los Angeles. A restaurant there is called The Sandpiper, and while it looks like a pleasant enough sort of place, I could never think of stopping there; the neon sign in front does not depict a sandpiper at all—it depicts either a whimbrel or a long-billed curlew. All three of these are in the same family, granted, but I could never trust the management to serve what I ordered.

Things are getting better for me, though. I rarely go to the movies any more, and our television screen presents a blurry picture in which no bird species could be identified. And as for the sound, the bird calls are rarely so loud as to awaken me.

—Sam Hinton.

### Change

Before they were married
He seldom came home;
With his girlie he tarried,
With her he would roam.

Now that they're married
And live 'neath one dome,
His habit's not varied—
He never comes home!

—Arthur Kober.



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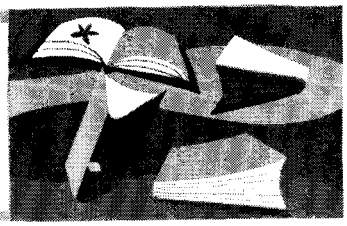
# Trade Winds



**Now that David Ogilvy's** *Confessions of an Advertising Man* has had its day on the best-seller lists, there is evidence, if not proof, of a wider interest in the convolutions of Madison Avenue. It's comforting to know that the man in the gray flannel suit is still riding herd on an idea, group-noodling it, putting it on the train to see if it gets off at Westport, and giving it the old double whammy before the client gives it the A-OK. But if you'll just crowd in for a quick firm-up, there are one or two notes we'd like to lash to the mizzenmast to see if they collect any brine.

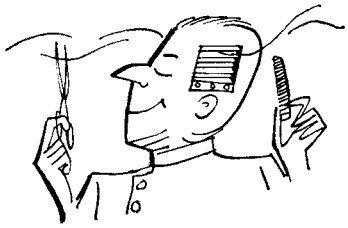
There seems to be little doubt that Madison Avenue is still determined to cleave the general air with horrid speech, as Shakespeare might have put it, consistently mangling structure, grammar, and usage. Dr. Mildred Clark sends us a copy of an advertisement showing a rugged racing driver climbing out of his super-speed auto. His comment, emblazoned in 30-point boldface caps, is: AT 428 MPH, THE ONLY THING BETWEEN ME AND THE SALT WERE GOODYEAR TIRES. As his verb indicates, the driver's sense of grammar is singularly plural.

But he is not alone in his grammatical anomaly. The public airwaves are constantly being assaulted with: "Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch," a comment calculated to make the general public take up arms against this sea of commercials. In Florida, D. Williams Mellor has long made trips to the Wailing Wall, hoping to bring a plague of boils on the perpetrators of the phrase "Winston tastes good like a cigarette should." He wonders why the agency involved doesn't present a television version of Shakespeare's *Like You As It.*

**Wallace Kirkland**, out in Illinois, directs his lance and bludgeon at an Alpine cigarette advertisement in *Life* that shows a mink stole; it is available merely by accumulating 47,300 of the cigarette's coupons. He points out that it would take sixty years at the rate of two packs a day to garner this prize, a pretty stiff price to pay even for smoked mink. It might be more apt if the company offered a complete surgical and hospital plan for the coupons, or even a couple of choice plots in Forest Lawn.

In case the latter suggestion sounds too ridiculous, it couldn't be more appalling than the quote actually used by this Hollywood mortuary at the bottom of its letterhead. In the boldest of letters it announces: "Nothing in Los Angeles Gives Me a Finer Thrill than Forest Lawn." It is credited to a well-known advertising man.

**The enthusiasm of the copywriter**—and his proclivity for being carried away by it—is more than evident in a recent advertisement in the Chicago *Times.* Ignoring the surgical scene that his phrase suggests, quarterback Johnny Unitas of the Baltimore Colts is photo-



graphed standing beside a lethal-looking buzz saw offered to do-it-yourself fans. He is exclaiming: "See my new right arm!"

More of the copy writer's effervescence is reflected in the advertisement sent us from Redwood City, California, reading "Air Conditioned Barbers," to say nothing of the salute to the Space Age indicated by the sign at the Museum of Natural History in New York noted by Sylvia Cox: "To the Solar System and Rest Rooms."

**Less cosmic** but more frustrating is the promotion copy dispatched to Dorian Astengo, of Flushing, New York. She received a frantic bulletin from *TV Guide* threatening all kinds of price-cost squeezes on her budget if she didn't renew her subscription promptly. "Rush back your renewal order TODAY!" the promotion piece howled. Within a week, she received a form letter stating: "This is to acknowledge your order. We regret it cannot be entered. . . ." The letter went on to explain that it would take four months before the electronic subscription service would be ready.

Mrs. Astengo's sharp eyes have also plucked two more lyrical stoppers from the uninhibited pens of the copywriter clan: (a) a restaurant advertisement extolling the virtues of a "Vegetarian Chopped Liver Sandwich" and (b) a descriptive mailing piece for a children's *pot de chambre* which reads: "This cute potty is designed for the comfort and *inspired* use of BOTH little boys and little girls."

The italics are ours.

**Madison Avenue concepts** have even invaded the lonely domain of the train whistle as it wails across the prairies or through the trackless forest. We learned recently on good authority that when the Diesel locomotive first came along to replace the steam engine, the horn of the Diesel sounded much like that of a lackluster Greyhound bus or a stodgy Mack truck.

The railroad's public relations men stepped in, and the horn has been distorted to sound as much like the nostalgic screech of the old '97 as possible.

**In England,** the copywriter seems to have a better capacity for laughing at his own foibles. Harry Zukernick, a lawyer from Florida, sends us a few notes on his observations while in Great Britain:

Lemon Hart Rum advertises: "A good rum for your money."

A butcher shop in London proclaims: "Make this your meating place."

A London fish 'n' chips restaurant advertises: "The contented sole."

This is not to say that some American advertisers have not done a yeoman job in maintaining a tongue-in-cheek attitude toward their own labors. Harry and Bert Piel, the cartoon brewers on television, have done much to neutralize the more conventional Madison Avenue approach. Avis Car Rental has practically begun to revolutionize the industry by the simple expedient of being disarming and honest. Bea Lillie, the romping star of *High Spirits,* even noticed a sign in a Madison Avenue agency office reading: "Think Texas." I. E. Smith, out in Berkeley, California, saw an advertisement that read: "Made Especially for Cats—and Cat Owners . . . here in new, easy-to-eat form are all the things you've always wanted in a cat food." Says Mr. Smith: "Who, me? Just count meow-t!"

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1580)

M(ARY) E(LLEN) CHASE:
*RICHARD MANSFIELD*
*(THE PRINCE OF DONKEYS)*

We must have presented a rather odd picture to the people in the carriages which went past us: Richard Mansfield, quite relaxed and lying at ease in his shafts; two, or three, of us children sitting in the motionless phaeton, deep in our books, under the yellow umbrella.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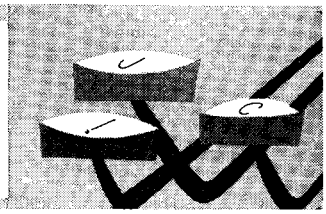
# Manner of Speaking



**Love Laughs (and Cries) at Obstacles:** A few months ago I flew to Indiana to lecture at Valparaiso University, and there I met Professor Richard Scheimann of the Philosophy Department, from whom I have a tale to retell, the gist of which is that Professor Scheimann married Mrs. Scheimann but that it wasn't easy. At the tale's beginning, both he and Mrs. Scheimann-to-be were graduate students at the University of Chicago. I don't know whether he was a philosopher before his intricate experience or became one as a result of it, but I must certainly believe that only a man with a lover's purpose and with a firm sense of this world's ironies could have kept his mind whole and his perspective hopeful as he fought his way to the altar over the obstacle course that fate and its bureaucracy had contrived for him.

Let me say at once that the bride was willing, that the groom was eager, that a June date had been set, that a clergyman had agreed to perform the ceremony, and that City Hall had issued the license. All roads seemed to run smooth and straight. It was then Mr. Scheimann began his crooked mile.

The clergyman, as the first kink of fate would have it, was an army reservist and ten days before the wedding he was called up to take part in maneuvers, leaving Mr. Scheimann to scout around for a replacement. As it happened, one of Mr. Scheimann's former roommates was a clergyman, though in another state. What could be better than to have the ceremony performed by an old friend? Over the telephone the old friend immediately agreed, but pointed out that he was not legally empowered to execute a marriage certificate in Illinois. If, however, Mr. Scheimann would have his local clergyman fill out, sign, and pre-date the marriage certificate before leaving for the Army, friend-clergyman number two would be delighted to fly into Chicago and perform the ceremony.

Mr. Scheimann immediately raced over to his local clergyman to explain the new arrangement, and at this point everyone in our small but many-angled tale seems to have fallen into confusion. Mr. Scheimann's out-of-state friend seemed willing to perform a ceremony for which he lacked legal authority if Mr. Scheimann's local clergyman would illegally fill out and sign the marriage certificate before the fact and at one remove. And in whatever confusion the packing of his Army gear had left him, the local clergyman agreed. Mr. Scheimann, of course, had every right to be confused: he was about to be married.

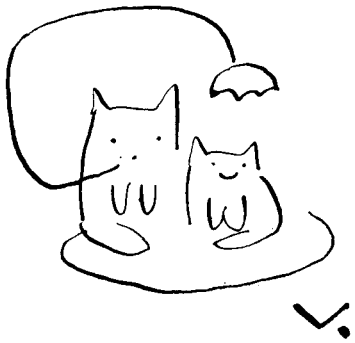
So matters stood until three days before the wedding, at which point Mr. Scheimann's out-of-state friend wired: "Cannot come. Get someone else."

With time running out, Mr. Scheimann turned to a third clergyman, also an old friend, but one who happened to be legal in Illinois. Clergyman number three, however, would have nothing to do with a marriage certificate illegally filled out, signed, and predated by someone else. Mr. Scheimann would have to go back to City Hall and get a duplicate.

City Hall, as any man knows, is its own sort of crooked mile, though it is one that does not necessarily lead anywhere and is forever ready to collapse into a chuck hole, if not a washout, at the touch of an undotted *i* or an uncrossed *t*. And Mr. Scheimann in love, in haste, and in innocence, blurted out no less a clerical irregularity than the whole truth. "I need a duplicate marriage license," he explained, "because this one has already been filled out, signed, and predated by the wrong clergyman."

That, I gather, was the point at which the earth opened and all roads buckled into the abyss. It was illegal, the man would have to be prosecuted, and Mr. Scheimann would have to produce him and testify against him.

As best he could, Mr. Scheimann explained that the clergyman had been called into the Army and parts unknown, that the second clergyman was from out of state but that he couldn't come, that a third clergyman stood ready to perform the ceremony, that he, Mr. Scheimann, would still like very much to get married, and might he be given a duplicate license, please?



The clerk, in his turn, made it clear that whether or not Mr. Scheimann managed to get married was irrelevant. What mattered was the irregularity of the thing and that the clerk had no authority to issue duplicate licenses. Mr. Scheimann would have to apply at office number two in building number two.

It was a simple bureaucratic route then from office number two to office number three from which Mr. Scheimann, still having avoided arrest, was routed back to office number one. There, after waiting out the line, Mr. Scheimann once more found himself facing clerk number one, who obviously was in no public mood for love and announced loudly a) that Mr. Scheimann was making a nuisance of himself, b) that there was nothing to be done, and c) that he had best clear out before a cop happened by. To which he immediately added in a whisper, "Look, buddy. Quit making trouble. Just go over to the other wicket, say you lost your damned license, and ask for a duplicate."

So, one more turning and one line later, Mr. Scheimann found himself facing a motherly-looking lady who turned out to have her own sense of indignation. "Lost your marriage license," she said in a voice that called all men to witness her trials on this earth and in that city. "How can anyone lose his marriage license? What's the matter with you? Don't you want to get married? Where did you lose it?"

Mr. Scheimann, now committed to his bureaucratic fiction, tried to explain, in reverse order, that if he knew where he had lost it he would know where to find it, that yes he did want to get married and very much, that his very eagerness to get married might best explain what was the matter with him those days, and that anyone can lose a marriage license with the amount of help he had been given.

Well, friends, it did finally work out, as you already know. The motherly lady conquered her indignation long enough to produce a duplicate license, the marriage was both solemnized and legalized, and I am ready to guess that Professor and Mrs. Scheimann are living happily ever after. All that remains now is to find the moral that will properly describe, or at least decorate, whatever world this is in any finder's eye. For which purpose, from my eye to yours and toward a vision of the found world, I offer this thought: "Love conquers all, but it would be easier with fewer friends and without clerks." —JOHN CIARDI.



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# *SR*'s Check List of The Week's Books

### *Anthropology, Archeology*

THE WORLD OF ANCIENT MAN. By I. W. Cornwall. John Day. $5.50.

### *Art, Architecture*

FRANCIS BACON. By John Rothenstein and Ronald Alley. Viking. $25.

GRAPHIC ART OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By Jean Adhemar. McGraw-Hill. $6.95.

A HISTORY OF FAR EASTERN ART. By Sherman E. Lee. Abrams. $25.

RECORD HOUSES OF 1964. By the editors of *Architectural Record*. McGraw-Hill. $2.95.

REMBRANDT AND HIS WORLD. By Christopher White. Viking. $6.50.

### *Crime, Suspense*

THE STRANGE BLUE YAWL. By Lucille Fletcher. Random House. $3.95.

### *Current Affairs*

BLACK RELIGION. By Joseph R. Washington. Beacon. $5.

FISCAL SURVEY OF PANAMA: Problems and Proposals for Reform. By the Organization of American States. Johns Hopkins. $7.50.

SCIENCE AND POLITICS. By Quintin McGarel Hogg. Encyclopedia Britannica Press-Atheneum. $2.95.

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—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

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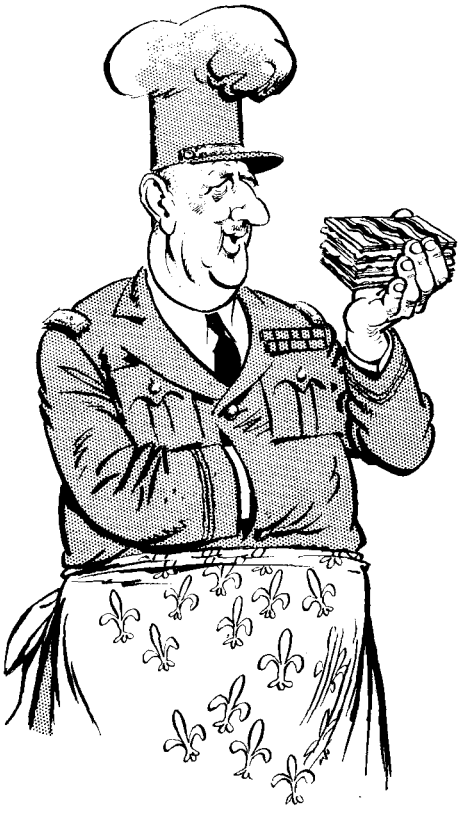

**Now Pass the Bat's Blood:** Frank Jacobs fortunately points out that his *The Highly Unlikely Celebrity Cookbook* (New American Library, paperback, $1.25) is "something less than a reference work for the kitchen." The cook who essays "Roast Pheasant with Wild-Rice Stuffing Jack Benny" will somehow wind up with boiled frankfurters, while "Angel Food Cake Casey Stengel" is guaranteed to produce total confusion. Other noncontributing notables, portrayed in action by artist Mort Drucker, include Barry Goldwater, Ian Fleming, Henry Luce, Leonard Bernstein, and Princess Grace, whose mulligan stew is the perfect answer for that leftover venison, shallots, and truffles that have been cluttering up the kitchen. Another entry, spuriously ascribed to Charles de Gaulle (left):

NAPOLEONS CHARLES DE GAULLE

*Puff pastry  Cream filling*
*Confectioners' sugar*

*Mes enfants.* Today as never before, the chefs of the world look to France for leadership. They have grown weary of the hot dog. They are suspicious of borscht. They cry out for one to guide them, and only France can answer them in their hour of need, because only France has the Napoleon.

France *is* the Napoleon, and the Napoleon *is* France!

I ask you, as loyal Frenchmen, to go to your kitchens and prepare the pastry and cream filling that are our destiny. Then take out your French rolling pins and form the pastry into a large French rectangle, cutting it into pieces measuring 2 x 4 French inches. As you hum the *Marseillaise* bake the pastry for 25 minutes at 350 French degrees until it is gloriously puffed and brown. Then cool and put the pastry together in three layers with our treasured cream filling between. And as you sprinkle on the sugar think of the past glories of France —of brioche, of crêpes suzette, of vichyssoise.

Fellow Frenchmen, the day is not far off when the world will follow the Napoleon into the gastronomic splendors of the future. Therefore, let us take up its banners and lead the way into this glorious, new, mouth-watering era, never resting, never faltering until the world has had its fill.



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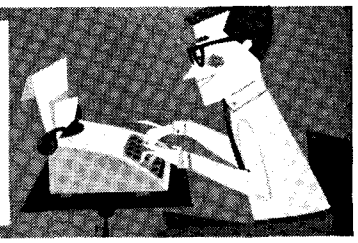
# Top of My Head



## The Art of Hypochondria—Part 2

I CONTINUE with the proposition that I can cure your hypochondria or at least demonstrate a dignified way of living with it. And I will brook no criticism—clinical or lay, AMA or Walgreen's—in my prescription for a short cut to getting rid of it simply by pointing up a kinship of identical symptoms and discomfitures and treating each with reverence and disdain. This is no more disquieting than your doctor's telling you, as my doctor did, that you are sound as a dollar, when in your mind you know how sound the dollar really is.

One would think that after I had come safely through ten years of physical and mental wear and tear of hypochondria I would now, twelve years later, be in gruesome disrepair. *Au contraire!* Physically I may be slightly impaired—those constant treks to doctors' offices can take their toll. But I'm all there mentally, having even developed at this late stage a remarkable total recall.

How about that for a new way of life—a *modus vivendi*—or, I should say, a *modus vivendi passato*. I can recall on a large screen and in color the slightest incident of the past, going as far back as those wonderful childhood days of yesteryear. It's the yesterdays I have trouble with.

First you must understand that in treating hypochondria a physician is really helpless. There is nothing on which he can put his finger—like a pulse, or a doorbell. We have miracle drugs but we don't have miracle doctors. If you wander into a doctor's office with a series of intangible symptoms, he secretly wishes you had come in with a bad cough, which, as everyone knows, can be cured by a doctor in two weeks or without a doctor by lying abed fourteen days. A rule of thumb in the matter of medical advice is to take everything any doctor says with a grain of aspirin.

I cite case histories—mine. One doctor prescribed walking. "Walk to work every morning," he said. I did. My symptoms continued. My office is across the street from where I live. I hope he never finds out. I hope he doesn't subscribe to *SR*.

Another doctor once fluoroscoped my heart and described it as "long and narrow." (That was the style they were wearing those days. Today I understand it's more heart-shaped.) In an attempt to mollify my fears he said: "If all the ailments in the world were hung out on a line to dry, you would choose your own." That miserable metaphoric prescription was no help. Actually he was wrong. I would have chosen lobar pneumonia compounded with a touch of pleurisy. That he could have handled.

One midnight when I realized I had cancer of the throat, a doctor came in answer to my emergency call and wiped it away with a piece of cotton on the end of a swab stick. Then he said "Fill your tonsillectomy bag with ice and put it around your throat."

"Tonsillectomy bag?" I asked.

"You mean you don't have one?" he demanded.

I explained I didn't have room in my medicine cabinet for one, and he sug-

gested warm drinks—some hot water with raspberry jam to make it palatable.

"Raspberry jam?" I asked.

Impatiently he went to the refrigerator and vainly searched for raspberry jam. If there was anyone not remotely prepared for this emergency it was I. He finally settled for grape jelly and had some on a slice of white bread.

Another one of my many doctors hit upon a plan. He said it was probably my teeth. I had been so busy being sick I hadn't been to a dentist in some time. I found a good one. He offered to rehabilitate my bite and promised a lifetime job; cost, $3,500. It was worth it. I didn't feel much better, but I bit a lot better.

Two years later the rehabilitation started to fall apart. Back to the dentist.

"What happened to this lifetime job?" I sarcastically asked.

"Who knew you were going to live this long?" he replied petulantly.

These are actually case histories. I have more by the dozen. Remind me to tell you about them sometime.

—GOODMAN ACE.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# THE WHITES IN AFRICA

## *What Is Their Fate?*

By HUGH FOOT, *former Chief Secretary of Nigeria, Governor of Jamaica, and Governor of Cyprus.*

NO ONE knows exactly the population of Africa. When I worked in Nigeria fifteen years ago, the reference books gave the population of Nigeria as 30,000,000. The recent controversial Nigerian census indicates that that figure probably missed the mark by more than 10,000,000. The present population of Nigeria is estimated at 55,000,000, and the total population of Africa is now probably somewhere near 250,000,000.

Nor do we know exactly the white population of Africa. It depends on figures of recent emigration from Algeria and immigration to South Africa (the latter was running at 30,000 a year in 1963). We may take it that the total white population of Africa is now about 4,000,000, of which 3,000,000 are in South Africa. So the percentage of whites in Africa is little more than 1.5 per cent of the total population. For every white there are more than sixty Africans.

How has this small white minority faced and weathered the wind of change? What attempts have the whites made to come to terms with the modern world? What chance have they of maintaining a place in the Africa of the future? Can they hope to survive? Or is their outlook hopeless?

These are questions of life and death for the whites in Africa. They are also questions of tremendous importance for all Africa and for the world. The peace of the world may well depend on the answers.

The last two decades have been a period of change in Africa so drastic and so dramatic that it is difficult to remember the Africa of only twenty years ago. The whole pattern has entirely altered. First came the defeat of Italy in World War II and the collapse of Italy's empire in Ethiopia and Libya; then the progressive termination of the British, French, and Belgian colonial regimes; and then de Gaulle's historic decision to end French rule in Algeria. These developments have brought all Africa north of the Zambesi River under African rule. Africans now control their own destinies from the Mediterranean to the Zambesi and from Zanzibar to Senegal. It is a revolutionary change from the time just before the war when Egypt, Liberia, and South Africa were the only independent states on the whole continent.

But while all Africa north of the Zambesi is now under African rule, no single African south of the Zambesi has any effective say in making the policy of his country. White domination in Southern Rhodesia and the Portuguese territories of Angola and Mozambique and in South Africa itself remains complete. That is the pattern now. African nationalism is now dominant in North, West, East, and Central Africa, backed by more than 200,000,000 Africans. Across the Zambesi River it faces white domination supported by fewer than 4,000,000 Europeans, who are engaged in the systematic suppression of nearly 30,000,000 Africans.

WHILE numbers are so overwhelmingly in favor of the Africans, military power is even more overwhelmingly in the hands of the whites. The armed forces of South Africa, Portugal, and Southern Rhodesia are modern and efficient. In South Africa there is now established a police state of great power and efficiency with a relentless and pervasive Special Branch (secret intelligence service) and a network of informers. It is the most ruthless and complete racial despotism the world has ever known.

All the other States of Africa combined could not put into the field any army that could stand against the South African armed forces; and although subversive war is much cheaper to carry out, it requires a standard of planning and discipline that will take some time to achieve (particularly after the overwhelming success of the South African police during the past year in breaking up the first African attempts to organize sabotage). On March 16 T. E. Dönges, Minister of Finance in South Africa, announced a record defense budget of 310,000,000 rand ($465 million). This is 52,000,000 rand more than in the current year and follows on the quadrupling of the defense budget in the past four years. South African production of armaments has risen in those years by 80 per cent. The whole white population, including women, is trained in the use of arms, and there are now more than 100,000 men in the regular forces of South Africa, compared with fewer than 10,000 in 1960.

At the same time the South African government hastens to intensify its policy of apartheid. New legislation has recently been introduced in the South African Parliament that strengthens measures excluding the Africans from the right even to live and work in more than 87 per cent of the country. The Sabotage Act of 1962 was described by the International Commission of Jurists as reducing the liberty of the citizen "to a degree not surpassed by the most extreme dictatorships of the Left or the Right," and it has been sup-



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plemented by the General Law Amendment Act of 1963, which provides for indefinite detention (often in solitary confinement) without trial.

Meanwhile, in Angola, the African rebels continue their operations against the Portuguese, and in Southern Rhodesia the drift goes on toward deadlock and conflict between the white minority (230,000) and the African majority (3,690,000).

IN its report, the United Nations Expert Group on South Africa, of which I was a member, said:

> We wish to draw special attention to two main factors in the present situation. On one side is the mounting international condemnation of the racial policy of the South African government and the growing determination of the African states, in particular, to take positive action against South African racial discrimination and domination. On the other side is the increased persistence and military preparation of the South African government coupled with repressive action and legislation which leave many South Africans with the conviction that they have no means of resistance other than violence. These forces are set on a collision course. They approach the crash at accelerating pace. As the explosion grows nearer the need to endeavor to prevent it becomes more urgent.

And we finished our report by saying:

> We have no doubt that the cause of emancipation will prevail in South Africa. The great majority of the population cannot be forced back into already overcrowded reserves constituting less than 13 per cent of the country. The right of the human person, the right of each individual to live and work and move freely in his own country, cannot long be denied. A political, economic and social system built on the domination of one race by another by force cannot survive.

How did the 4,000,000 whites get themselves into this blind alley? Don't they see the eventual hopelessness of the struggle ahead? Is there no means of saving them and everyone else from a race war starting in South Africa and involving all Africa and the world?

The first answer to these questions is that the white South Africans do not realize the extent or the imminence of the danger. They live in a beautiful country, fabulously rich in natural resources, with a glorious climate. Their profits, based on cheap African labor, are high; their economy, fed by British and American investment, booms; the employment of all whites is in effect guaranteed at the expense of the Africans by the pernicious system of job allocation; the white standard of living is one of overflowing affluence, in which all menial work in the mines and the farms and the homes is done for them by black wage slaves. The African majority is as far as possible pushed out of sight into reserves and segregated African townships. But below the beauty and the boom there is a brooding disquiet and even desperation.

There is also a second answer to the questions about the future. It is the way of conciliation and cooperation and consultation. Time is dreadfully short, but there is still time for the Europeans to go halfway to meet the Africans, to come to terms with them, to work out a new course with them.

In East Africa and Northern Rhodesia decisions were taken just in time. The Africans were at last brought into full consultation. At a series of conferences, most of them at Lancaster House in London, new policies were worked out in consultation and agreement, and now there is hope for Uganda, Kenya, Tanganyika (and Zanzibar) and Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia.

The Africans who have taken over responsibility have shown that they meant what they said when they claimed to be opponents of domination by any race. The Minister of Agriculture in the first African government of Tanganyika was an Englishman; the Minister of Agriculture in the African government of Kenya is a Scotsman. In Northern Rhodesia, now that an African government is established under Prime Minister Kenneth Kaunda, economic confidence is restored, development capital flows in freely, and there is no discrimination against the whites, who continue to play their full part in industry and agriculture. In Kenya we have seen the strange spectacle of European farmers cheering Kenyatta. In Lusaka we hear European industrialists praising Kaunda.

A pity that the European leaders took so long to see sense. What a tragedy that Rhodesian leaders like Sir Roy Welensky failed, when they had the chance, to win the confidence of the Africans. What blindness that they made no serious attempt to do so—that they scarcely met the African leaders. The break-up of the Central African Federation and the present dangerous situation in Southern Rhodesia are monuments to their failure. In Southern Rhodesia until very recently there was a chance of cooperation between white and black. Blindness and obstinacy in Salisbury and lack of political courage in London threw away that chance. Now the drift has gone so far that it is difficult to see how it can be stopped short of violence.

In the Portuguese territories of Angola and Mozambique there is a classic old-fashioned colonial struggle. The Portuguese were the first Europeans to come to southern Africa—first in and now likely to be last out. No one imagines that the Portuguese will be able to maintain an overseas empire much longer. It is not a question of whether their overseas possessions will break away but how and how soon the break will come—and perhaps the collapse will come in Portugal rather than in Africa. Few people doubt that soon African nationalism will advance south from the Zambesi to the Limpopo. The crescendo of pressure and crisis mounts.

WHAT hope is there that a long, bitter, bloody convulsion in South Africa can be avoided?

All the evidence points to the likelihood that the clash, the explosion, will soon come. If outside forces do not change the situation, there could be a continuation of effective repression in southern Africa for another few years. But even without outside intervention the Africans of South Africa will not for very long endure the tightening tyranny. And if the conflict comes it will be horrible, probably with Mau Mau methods on one side and the measures of the Algerian OAS on the other.

But no one believes that the South Africans will be left to fight it out to



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the end alone in a messy, drawn-out war of mutual attrition. All the African states are committed to help the Africans of South Africa. Soviet Russia and Red China will surely do the same. South Africa is already a world issue. It is already probably the greatest threat to peace in the world.

What hope is there? The hope depends principally, as it does in so many other world issues, on the judgment and resolution of the United States of America. The United States has valuable investments in South Africa from which American companies draw high profits (the total United States investment is less than half the British investment, which has now reached 1,000 million pounds), but even these companies realize that their investment will be lost if South Africa is plunged into revolution. And I believe that before long the United States, leaving aside considerations of profit, will come to the conclusion that it simply cannot face the prospect of a color war starting in South Africa—with Soviet Russia and Red China and all the new nations of Africa and Asia on the winning side but with the United States backing the losing forces of white domination.

Once the United States comes to that conclusion and decides to take every necessary step to prevent such a disaster both by exercising political pressure on its European allies and in economic pressure on South Africa through the United Nations Security Council, then a solution will be in sight. This supreme judgment of world statesmanship will be decisive. I do not believe that it will be lacking for long.

Secondly, although I can claim no personal knowledge of more than a few individual Afrikaners, I believe that it is not fanciful to expect that the Afrikaner people, with their tradition of fortitude and self-reliance and their deep devotion to their African homeland and their realism and hard common sense, will have the courage to change course. They can still save themselves, their future, and their country by deciding to talk with and work with the Africans who share an African patriotism. I realize that such a vast change of heart and purpose will probably come only after maximum shocks. I pray that it will not come too late.

Thirdly, there is some hope that the English-speaking community of South Africa will play a more positive part. So far, while criticizing the government, the English-speaking whites, with a few most honorable exceptions, have failed to make any effective stand against apartheid. But they have a dominant position in commerce and industry and mining. They control 99 per cent of mining capital, 94 per cent of industrial capital, 88 per cent of finance capital, and 75 per cent of commercial capital. They may be expected to be particularly sensitive to the effect on their investments of internal disorder and international economic pressure. As we said in our report to the Secretary-General, "the purpose is not to cripple the South African economy, but to save it."

Fourthly and most important of all, I trust in the good will and the good sense of the Africans. When Nelson Mandela of the African National Congress, on trial for his life, made his historic speech to the court in his own defense on April 20 this year he finished with these words:

> During my lifetime I have dedicated myself to this struggle of the African people. I have fought against white domination, and I have fought against black domination. I have cherished the ideal of a democratic and free society in which all persons live together in harmony and with equal opportunities. It is an ideal which I hope to live for and to achieve. But if needs be it is an ideal for which I am prepared to die."

The astonishing thing about Africans, I often think, is their freedom from malice, their readiness to forget injustice and humiliation, their anxiety to adopt and adapt the best in Western ideas and institutions and to work in friendly association even with those who have insulted and oppressed them. There is perhaps still time for the friendship and forbearance of leaders like Albert Luthuli and Nelson Mandela to show the way to escape from tragedy.

THE most important sentence in our United Nations report was this: "The future of South Africa should be settled by the people of South Africa—all the people of South Africa—in free discussion."

We do not expect any sudden conversions in Pretoria. The South African government will no doubt continue for the time being to resist the pressure toward change. But while the South Africans must in the end decide their own destiny, the first initiative toward a solution must come from Washington and London and the Security Council of the United Nations.

Two final questions:

When we speak of pressure by threat of economic sanctions, and, if necessary, by imposing them, does this conform with the purposes of the Charter of the United Nations? The answer is yes. The basic principle is that it is far better to prevent a war than to try to stop it when it has started. The measures provided under Chapter VII of the Charter include full economic sanctions when there is "a threat to the peace"—and if the situation in South Africa is not a threat to the peace then words have lost their meaning.

But will such action lead to unjustified interference by the United Nations in the internal affairs of other nations? The answer is no. In effect, action can be taken under Chapter VII of the Charter only when international opinion is overwhelming. The vote against South Africa in the General Assembly last year was 106 to 1 (South Africa), and the Security Council resolution of last December 4 was unanimous. Circumstances will be rare indeed when condemnation is so universal. It is only when practically the whole world decides to act that sanctions can be effective. This requirement in practice bars unjustified interference by the United Nations in the internal affairs of member states. There could scarcely be a stronger safeguard.

*"Why, no. I thought* you *had renewed his Blue Cross."*



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# Documents of the Struggle for Public Decency

By EMILE CAPOUYA

ONE FORM of parochialism is surely permissible, that a man who loves his country feel more concerned about her failings than about the shortcomings of foreign nations. An American may reasonably be diffident about judging the people of Falangist Spain or Communist China for the manner in which they permit themselves to be ruled, but he has the right and the civic duty to regard his own country from the viewpoint of one of the sovereign people—for whose exclusive convenience the United States Government was instituted and whose judgment on the conduct of public affairs is authoritative and final. After all, our democratic tradition vests in the individual citizen the ultimate moral responsibility for the quality of our public life, a responsibility that is certainly not transferable to any Deputies or Representatives or Leaders whatsoever.

In our conditional world, such a responsibility can easily prove overwhelming. For that reason Edmond Cahn, a humane and learned lawyer, recently wrote a book, *The Predicament of Democratic Man,* that attempts to lighten the burden that democracy appears to lay on the citizen. As a lawyer, Mr. Cahn is only too familiar with the necessary imperfections of our legal and political system; as a man of sensibility, he is pained by each new instance of our collective frailty or wickedness. He asks, how can the citizen keep from being crushed by the burden of guilt for actions or omissions that, in the last analysis, he cannot control? And answers, if I do not caricature his doctrine, that the citizen's responsibility is only as great as his practical power to influence public conduct. Once he has conscientiously exerted that power, win or lose he must contrive to feel easy in his mind. He has the right to feel easy, and the demands of his own spiritual health and his continued usefulness to the community require that he do so.

Mr. Cahn's theory was put forward with the best possible motives, but it strikes me as being psychologically inadequate. For example, it does not take account of love. Imagine, for the sake of argument, an ideal American, who nourishes a tender and jealous affection for the spirit of this nation's ideals and professions. Imagine that, in his best judgment, the intervention of the United States in Vietnam and Laos is a pernicious act, one that contemplates, for the sake of goals that are meaningful only in terms of *Machtpolitik,* the death of a few American soldiers every week, and of a rather larger number of Vietnamese and Laotian men, women, and children. What action could our ideal American undertake that would begin to be adequate to his outraged love? Write a letter to the *Times*? Or to his Congressman? Refuse to pay his tax, since that tax is promptly translated into petroleum jelly for use on the villages of the Plaine des Jarres? Anoint his own body with napalm and set himself alight on Broadway during the rush hour?

The trouble is that no one of these, nor any other conceivable actions, can properly be held to exhaust the means at the citizen's disposal, and therefore employing any or all of them does not acquit him of responsibility. The only condition that could ease his onerous burden would be a decision on the part of the United States Government to cease making war in Vietnam—and that condition he cannot assure by any action of his. In cases of genuine importance, in other words, the individual is likely to be impotent, and if impotence means acquittal in the court of conscience, why there is the end of any possibility of social reform—for what motive has the heart-free and untroubled man to set about procuring a government that will not make war for dubious reasons?

IF for no other than practical considerations, then, I prefer a position 180 degrees from Mr. Cahn's: The citizen's responsibility is absolute. And if the burden be next to intolerable, that, as I understand it, is the estate of man. It seems to me that under our democracy, so long as the millennium of social justice and social decency keeps receding before us like the horizon, the conscientious citizen must always be in a state of rage and mortification. Like Hamlet, he will always be chiding himself:

> How stand I then,
> That have a father killed, a mother stained,
> Excitements of my reason and my blood,
> And let all sleep . . .?

His precarious honor will depend on his feeling the liveliest anger and regret, and he will be grateful to the agitators and radicals and disturbers of the public peace who awaken his political imagination to an even keener sense of our national failings. Right now, the citizen owes such a debt of gratitude to the civil-rights movement.

It is as documents of the struggle for public decency that the many books recently published on the civil-rights movement commend themselves to us. Over and above the qualities that reflect the individual character of their authors and compilers, these books have a special significance, a special poignancy: Some of our fellow citizens care enough about their responsibilities to think about and fight for them, and others to record and reflect on the lessons of the struggle—and such men go far to justify the rest of us. For the citizen is not simply the anguished and isolated individual posited by Mr. Cahn, but a man living in a world of men, who can feel cast down or exalted by the actions of his fellows.

THE outlanders come to the Empire City because that is where the wealth and power and culture of the richest nation on earth are concentrated. William Stringfellow came to New York because it houses the greatest concentration of human misery. He is a young lawyer who has chosen to settle and practice in the East Harlem section of Manhattan, where he gives legal counsel to the very poor. If that is not sufficiently scandalous, he is also one of those dour Christians who persist in praising the Creator of a world that includes East Harlem. The religious temperament excites my respect, religious doctrine my incomprehension; I may not report on those sections of Mr. Stringfellow's book, *My People Is the Enemy* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95), in which, as an Episcopal layman, he concerns himself with the social role of the church under Godless capitalism and, beyond that, with the witness and martyrdom demanded of the believing Christian. But much of the book is case history, and much of it an impressionistic account of what life is like for the people of East Harlem. It may be that the sketchiness of Mr. Stringfellow's report, and the small human sample represented by the cases he discusses specifically, impeach the sociological validity of his book. I do not think so. The author writes with a cold passion that is at the farthest remove from hysteria and that carries

(*Continued on page* 31)



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# Saturday Review

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# A Plea to the Fijians

NOWHERE on this earth have we encountered a people as warm-hearted, generous, and trusting as the Fijians. In an age noted for frowns, dry eyes, and hard noses, the unabashed kindness and openness of the Fijians are a refreshing reminder that the human species is still capable of outstretched hands and uncalculated smiles. If your car is mired in a sea of mud during a torrential rain in the middle of the night, don't be surprised if a half-dozen men come on foot from a mile away or more to lift the vehicle out of its grisly rut. If you visit a village, don't be surprised if you become the recipient of hospitality that even Gorki would have found difficult to describe or envision. If you enter even the poorest hut, don't be surprised if your hosts press upon you their personal treasures.

The Fijians fish and work the land. The Indians are generally the merchants or the landowners. When you ask why it is that Fijians aren't businessmen or merchants, you are told they are too sentimental to qualify. For example, not long ago a Fijian decided to set up a combination grocery and dry goods store. He invited all his friends to the grand opening. After a few moments, he began passing the goods out to the company. It seems that personal possessions are meant to be shared with one's friends—at least in Fiji. The result was that, long before the party was over, the only thing left to the aspiring shopowner was a pristine cash register and a drawer full of invoices. End of venture.

We were told it is practically impossible for a Fijian to do bodily harm to another. Yet it was only eighty years ago that the Fijians ate their last missionary. While we didn't meet anyone who was present at that particular supper, we did speak to a gentleman of ninety who remembers the comments of some of his elders who ate white-skinned flesh at one time or another. There was nothing special about it, he reported; in fact, it required more seasoning than most meats or fowl or fish. He was quick to add, however, that this was a limited view. Some Fijians, especially the kings and members of their courts, had a definite preference for human flesh. He told of one king in whose honor a special ceremonial would be arranged periodically. The king would walk through a double row of undressed people suspended by their heels. Included in the group would be a wide variety of sizes and ages of both sexes. As he walked down the aisle, the king would touch his club lightly on the person who had his favor for the imminent feast.

After returning from Fiji, I was able to verify this story in J. C. Wood's *Uncivilized Races of the World,* published in 1878, at a time when cannibalism still existed in Fiji. Wood wrote that it was not because of food scarcity that the Fijians ate their fellow humans. Fruit, vegetables, fish, and pork were abundant on the islands; it was just that the Fijians had a yen for human flesh. Not that they were unmindful of the special standing of human beings. On ordinary meat-eating occasions, the Fijians used their fingers. For human flesh, however, special forks were in order. These forks had four prongs which, instead of being set in a line, were arranged in a semicircular fashion. Moreover, due regard for the status of the victims was indicated by the special pots in which they would be prepared. Finally, the Fijians were selective, preferring strangers to members of their own tribe.

THE inevitable question that emerges from this recitation is: What happened to change the Fijians? For it was not just cannibalism that was given up but many of their most ferocious traits. At one time, Fijian children were schooled in revenge. If one child insulted another, the aggrieved party would select a small object as a reminder that the insult had to be avenged; he would keep the object close to him until it was. What happened, then, to transform grunts, growls, and war whoops into the softer sounds of the later generations? Less than a century ago, a visitor to Fiji ran the risk of going to his own barbecue. Today, the visitor is aware immediately not just that he is supremely welcome but that he is in the presence of a people in whom natural goodness has little difficulty in being released. Somewhere along the way, something happened to change not just the behaviorial responses, but the mores of the Fijians. What was it?

What makes this question more than merely quaintly rhetorical is that the answer, if we can find it, may serve as a guide to the eradication of cannibalism outside Fiji—in most of the rest of the world, in fact. Men may not formally eat one another today; but massive numbers of human beings are still preyed upon by other human beings. The color of a man's skin can determine whether he has to run a gauntlet all through life. The casualness with which the Fijians of old approached their potential victims is no less astounding than the calmness with which nations today are brewing disease germs, poison gases, and lethal rays for use against each other in war. How much moral indignation exists today over the fashioning of thousands of hydrogen torches, any one of which can incinerate several million humans in less than a second?

If it is said that Christianity made the vital difference for the better in Fiji, then the rest of the world should find out what kind of Christianity this was. For the Christianity outside Fiji has not succeeded in getting enough humans to respect one another or to create an awareness of the preciousness and fragility of human life. The Judeo-Christian tradition has a profoundly


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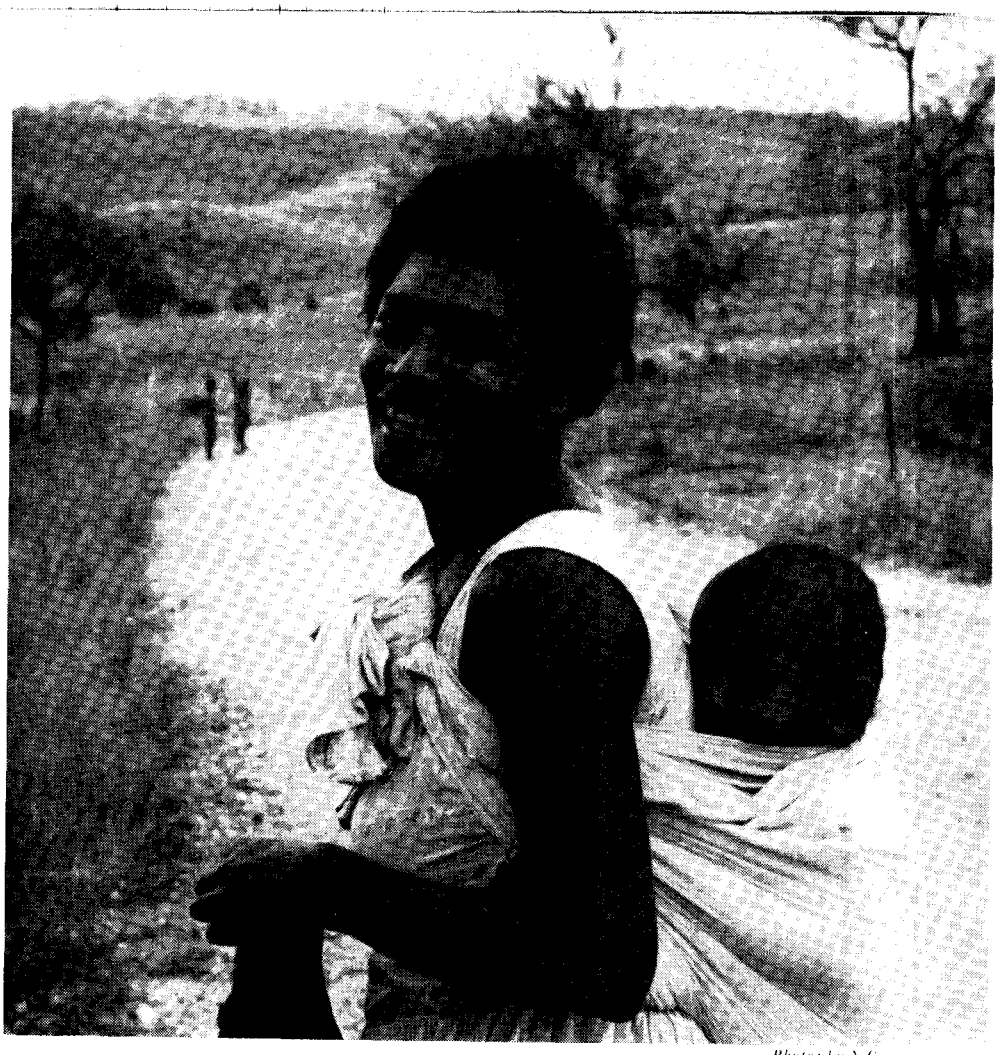
moral base. How many people are able to stand on it, or even recognize it if they saw it? It is this colossal separation between the acceptance of religion as a creed and the rejection of it as a way of life that defines the nature of modern cannibalism.

Perhaps the Fijians can be persuaded to send missionaries to the rest of the world, including those countries that sent missionaries to them in the first place. This they can do out of enlightened self-interest, for the outside world has abandoned the first tenet of a moral education—how to give just due to the innocent. If the world should slide into war, then there will be no discrimination between adversaries and non-adversaries. The wind itself will become a killer.

In waging nuclear war, a nation is like a policeman who feels himself forced to fire into a crowd in order to kill a criminal. Men are not unaware of these implications—the most thoroughly unreligious implications in all history—but they see no connection between what they do and the prospect that the terrible event can be averted. Thus they lose sensitivity and eventually comprehend only brutality.

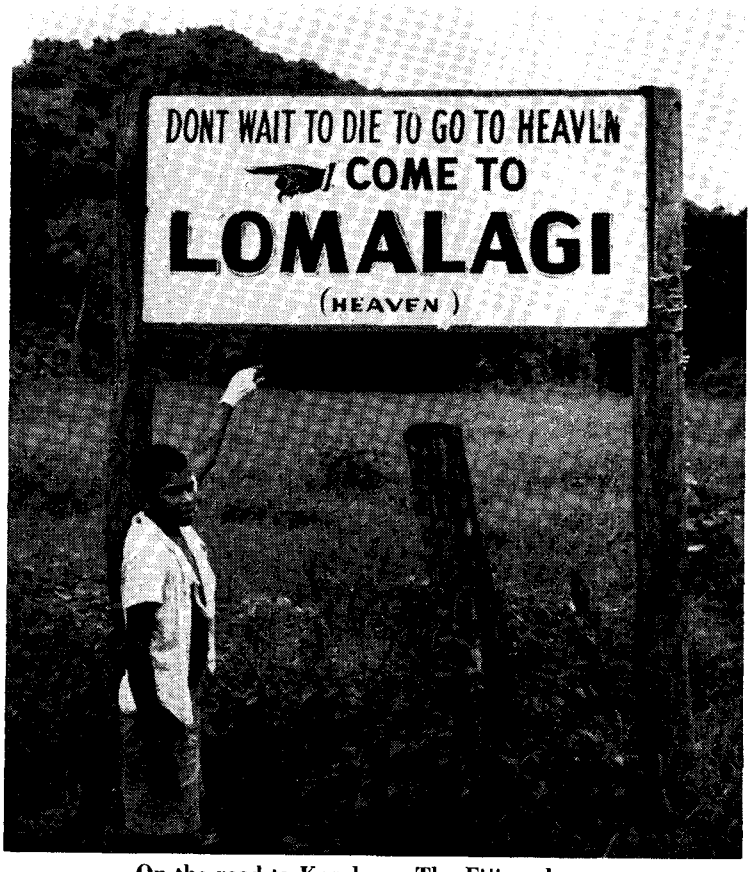
In any event, the transformation of the Fijians in a single century is vastly encouraging. If they can give up cannibalism and everything that goes with it, there may be hope for the rest of us.

—N.C.

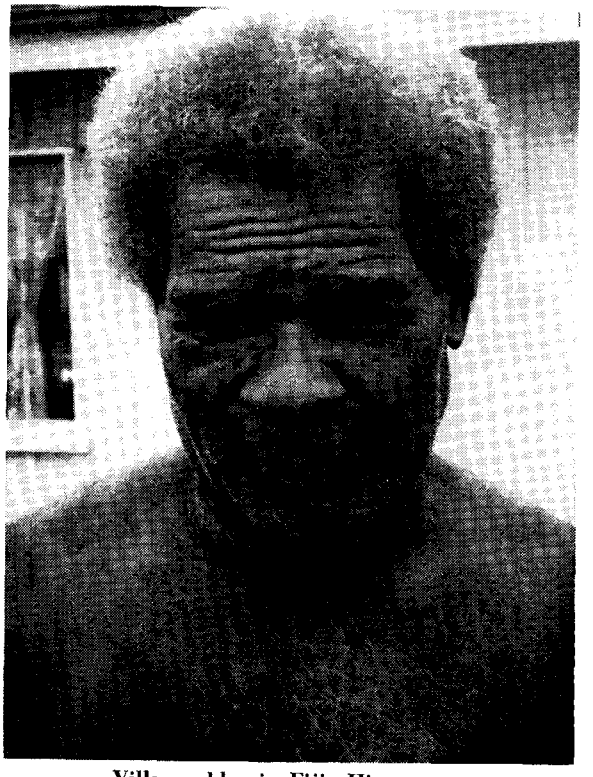


—*Photos by N.C.*

**Mother and child in Fiji: Unabashed friendliness and generosity as a way of life.**




**On the road to Koralevu: The Fijians have a good idea of what life on earth ought to be.**



**Village elder in Fiji: His parents had a different outlook on life.**



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# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

## A View of the Fair

MAYBE YOU ARE INTERESTED in a South American visitor's view of the New York World's Fair. . . . We do not see understanding here. We see a fantastic demonstration of showmanship.

Many people came from South America, and almost without exception they admired the fair's American pavilions, like Bell Telephone, Ford, General Motors, duPont, and those of some of the states. But always the *dollar sign was behind them.* The duPont pavilion, for example, is selling from beginning to end. Why? Why must you pay to allow people to besiege you with advertisements? Is this private enterprise? Why, then, has every New York State car a plate advertising the fair?

I ask those responsible for the fair and Mr. Moses, too, why they did not invest their millions of dollars in one American university or American city of learning in South America? Or a huge hospital, or a huge library? . . . Their names would be remembered a long time, and Communism would suffer a blow very difficult to overcome. Today we have the fair. What will we have ten years from now? We will only remember the show. We will have nothing that could make millions of individuals better able to understand and defend democracy.

JOHN JOSEPH PALMER.
Buenos Aires, Argentina

## Grounds for Hope

THE INFORMATION FURNISHED by Homer A. Jack in "Geneva: Progress and Problems" [*SR*, June 27] is reassuring to those of us who were thinking that nothing seriously is being attempted regarding disarmament. As long as there is at least some framework for and attempts at communication on the subject, there can be hope that effective action may be taken.

EARL L. SASSER.
Nashville, Tenn.

## Wayward Word

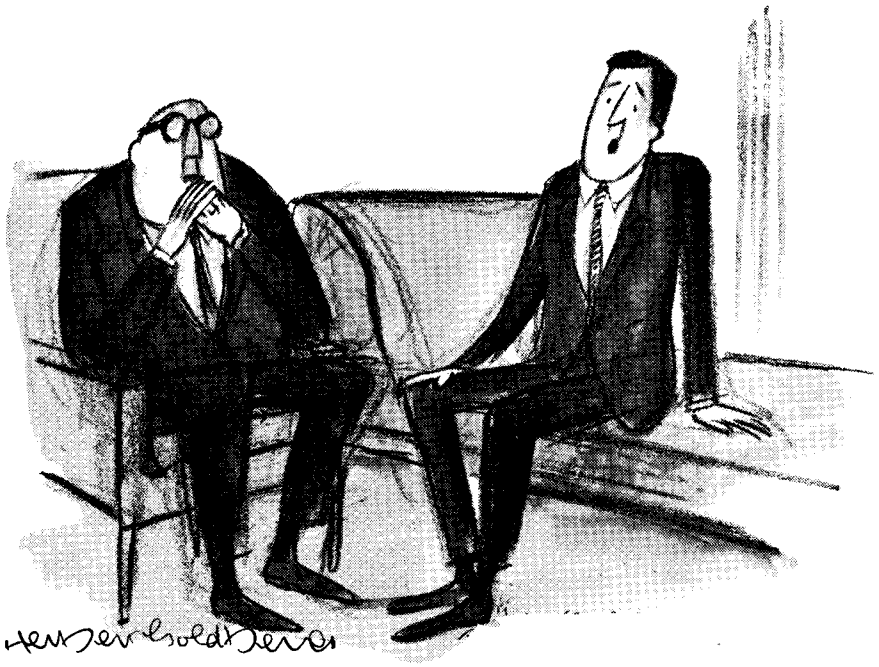
IT HAS BEEN CALLED to my attention that in the June 6 issue of *SR* I was misquoted. Specifically, I refer to the comments of Cleveland Amory with reference to the introduction of Senator Barry Goldwater in Madison Square Garden on May 12. Mr. Amory stated, ". . . most incredible of all, the words of the man who introduced Goldwater, Representative Dole of Kansas. 'We're going to make,' he said, 'the White House the White House once again.'"

*It is difficult to know what impression* Mr. Amory was attempting to create other than an unfavorable one, but in the interests of truth and, I trust, your endeavor to publish facts, I offer an exact transcript of the introduction. My opening remarks were:

> Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen. The moment is about here. We are here tonight to rally around the man who will again make the White House the "Light House." We need the light seriously—the light of leadership, of integrity, and of dedication to this nation, its people, and its Constitution.

It would appear that this misstatement should be corrected.

BOB DOLE,
House of Representatives.
(1st District, Kansas)
Washington, D.C.



*"My trouble is I tell the truth to everyone else and lie to myself."*

## The Plane Facts

JOHN CIARDI, YOUR POETRY EXPERT and sometime military editor, accused me in his column for June 13 of splashing whitewash on the front page of my newspaper, the New York *Herald Tribune*, on behalf of the Pentagon. This is a rather serious charge to make against any reporter in any situation. It is even more serious in this case because the story involved aircraft failure, the loss of lives in Vietnam, and hints of bureaucratic cover-up. Therefore, perhaps you will permit me a few observations.

We had given rather full coverage to the charges against the Defense Department in this matter. It struck me as being reasonable to publish the response when Air Force Secretary Zuckert chose to answer the allegations. This, it seems to me, comes under the heading of routine fair play. It is easy to *assume that public officials are guilty of ignorance* or worse until proven otherwise. But as one who has covered all levels of government and who has written perhaps more than his share of critical copy, I still have the notion that there are two sides to every controversy and that we have some obligation to print both sides.

I don't know the extent of Mr. Ciardi's knowledge of aerodynamics. Certainly I am no expert on the subject. But any layman who takes it on himself to write with an authoritative tone should know that even the most modern military planes—and civilian planes, for that matter—are occasionally grounded after unexplained accidents. There have been a number of such cases reported in the press recently. Mr. Ciardi was either unaware of this fact or chose to ignore it when he indicated any fool should have realized the B-26 was a lemon.

Finally, Mr. Ciardi has confused the present B-26 with the "flying coffin" of World War II ill fame. With a minimum of homework, Mr. Ciardi would have learned that the old B-26, manufactured by Martin, went out of service in 1947. The newer and better plane was built by Douglas and came into service at the end of World War II under the designation A-26. Later the Air Force changed most of its combat aircraft designations and the A-26 became known as the B-26. This makes for confusion, of course, as do most aspects of the Vietnam war. It is an excellent reason why writers should be cautious before leaping to conclusions.

LAURENCE BARRETT.
Washington, D.C.

## Letter and Spirit

CARL SCHLESINGER'S letter to the editor [*SR*, July 4] is a typical letter from a union leader. Possibly what hurt him was the truth of the Double-Crostic quotation. He writes, "If the quotation were included in a story or article . . . I would not object." That is just what the quote is—a part of an article that is clearly identified in the Double-Crostic and the solution. . . .

LESTER S. OSTRANDER,
Brig. Gen., U.S. Army (Ret.)
Unadilla, N.Y.



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## One Down, One to Go

THE real suspense of the 1964 Presidential race is not who will win the election but which network will win the coverage campaign. Huntley and Brinkley (NBC), Smith and Morgan (ABC), and Cronkite and his cabinet (CBS) are the national electronic candidates, and just as these competing pundits report and analyze the strengths and weaknesses of their political model, so one may assess the performances of the rival reporting teams. Covering the actual convention is simple enough. You mobilize your cameras to follow the speeches, floor fights, votes, and attendant manifestations of the American political spirit. Post-convention programing is even simpler. You have the luxury of selection from an abundance of material. The tough problem is what to do during convention warm-up week. The audience's appetite must be whetted; specials sold to sponsors must be delivered; you must not only provide events as they break, but also untiring doses of insight, background, and understanding. The three networks revealed their warm-up week strategy recently in San Francisco at the Republican Convention, and a comparison of one evening's programing revealed different approaches but suggested that a common hazard faces all the networks during warm-up week for the Democratic Convention when it convenes shortly in Atlantic City.

CBS, in San Francisco, offered the thoughtful, historical approach in *The Great Conventions: Part I*, using newsreel clips of past Republican conventions during the last forty years, with Eric Sevareid reading a script by Perry Wolff. For NBC, Chet Huntley and David Brinkley adopted a more contemporary posture, touring the convention city, covering Governor Scranton's arrival at the airport and his first meeting with delegates at the Mark Hopkins, and venturing poetic passes at the Golden Gate Bridge. WOR-TV, New York, and four other RKO-General Broadcasting stations, also dealt with past Republican conventions, in a sportive script written and produced by Stanley Friedman and narrated by Walter Kiernan. None of the programs was particularly arresting or original, although each had interesting moments (the CBS show with an effective opening montage of climactic campaign oratory). These specials reflected the tolerant, popular attitude that our nominating conventions, for all their eccentricities, "work."

Walter Kiernan, for RKO-General, provided one of the brightest moments when he recalled sitting with Senator Estes Kefauver in the latter's hotel suite during the 1956 Democratic Convention. The Senator, following on television the close race between himself and young John F. Kennedy for the Vice-Presidential nomination, rose to leave. Kiernan asked if he meant to go to the convention and "throw in the towel." Kefauver answered no—he was going to accept the nomination. "Jack," he said, "is supposed to look good for a couple of ballots." That, added Kiernan, was the beginning of the Kennedy drive for President in 1960. Howard K. Smith and Edward P. Morgan did no warm-up special for ABC the night of the comparative sampling. They scored in reporting at length Representative Silvio Conte's challenge in the Platform Committee to Goldwater supporters, accusing them of "railroading" the platform draft in a "kangaroo court." It was a case of recognizing a good story and staying with it. The forthcoming warm-up week for the Democratic Convention in Atlantic City is likely to be another summer re-run if the networks plan to do histories of that party's past nominating conventions. In politics as in literature you can't tell the hero's story without telling the heavy's. The Republicans were the protagonists in San Francisco, but the networks in showing past GOP film clips were also obliged to show still pictures and newsreels of past Democratic conventions.

It seems likely that such film clips and still pictures (the availabilities are limited) will be familiar when shown during warm-up week in Atlantic City. The rival journalists would please viewers if they turned up more illuminating backstage gossip like the Kefauver story. They might stay, in depth, with good news stories like the Republican Committee Platform incident reported by ABC. Their best tactic by far—if nothing exciting happens in Atlantic City—would be to show yards of film clips of FDR's campaign speeches. Viewers caught some delightful glimpses of him during the Republican warm-up week. The newsreels showed that the four-term "champ's" communication magic is as potent on television as it was on radio.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

*"How about hearkening unto me for a change?"*



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## Shakedown Cruise to Bangkok

LEAVING aside for the moment the advisability of building one 2,729-seat theater for the presentation of dance, musical comedy, operetta, and occasional visiting productions of classical drama, the New York State Theater of Lincoln Center appears to have passed its initial musical comedy test, a lavish revival of *The King and I*.

While the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical was far more intimate, charming, and poignant in a smaller Broadway playhouse thirteen years ago (when director John Van Druten, scene designer Jo Mielziner, choreographer Jerome Robbins, and performers Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner were involved), the Music Theater of Lincoln Center's model starring Risë Stevens and Darren McGavin manages satisfactorily to present the work's musical peaks.

Does it slight the dramatic ones? Probably. But society has changed since 1951, and it is hard to say how much of what now seems stilted comes from the new casting and the new conditions presented by this theater, and how much comes from our own new attitudes.

Is Anna Leonowens a charmingly old-fashioned lady of the mid-nineteenth century who courageously brings superior Western manners and values to a backward Eastern country? If so, Risë Stevens, despite a few impressive flashes of anger, is perfunctorily thin as the Anna who captures the hearts of all Siam. But part of the trouble may be that neither Miss Stevens nor the audience can now endorse the old values with true conviction. Instead we see Anna as a smug representative of Western colonialism. Her "goodness" now emerges as a hypocritical disguise for her intolerance of another country's traditions and for her ruthless drive to emasculate a man.

**Risë Stevens and Darren McGavin—today's theater, yesterday's values.**

As the king, Darren McGavin lacks both the singing voice for this large auditorium and the discipline required to portray autocracy with respect. In fact, he seems less the king than does Michael Kermoyan, who is superb as his prime minister. What Mr. McGavin gives us is a genial boyish potentate who frequently talks like a vaudeville version of an Italian immigrant and shares broad grins with his imported schoolmistress whenever he breaks through her unnatural and forbidding dignity. He does, however, rise to an effective climax when Anna succeeds in destroying him, and at show's end we rather feel that something was permanently lost when Siam replaced the old custom of prostrating oneself before the king with a dignified bow from the waist.

What saves the evening is the wonderful music and the powerful singing of Frank Poretta and Lee Venora as the young lovers Anna so disastrously encourages to follow their star, and of Patricia Neway as the king's sternly wise Number One Queen. Indeed, this theater's acoustical characteristics, even when aided by microphones, seem best suited to full-volume operatic deliveries.

Then, too, the stage, with its fifty-six-foot-wide, gilt-edged proscenium opening, would appear to be made for the exotic splendor a Royal Siamese Court allows costume designer Irene Sharaff and scene designer Paul C. McGuire to provide. While some of the latter's settings are too literal and detailed for this sort of show, there is a nice achievement of the deep blue of a tropic night, and an amusing curtain of a Siamese figure whose sequined eyes twinkle merrily at the theater's bejeweled façade.

Director Edward Greenberg has wisely chosen to cut off the stage's depth with an encompassing cyclorama and play the action down front so that as much intimacy as possible is maintained. Arriving at an effective formula for reviving the finest musicals here may, however, ultimately require that the public not expect an approximation of the remembered values of the originals. On the basis of one exposure, it would seem that future musicals here might best be played in the more formal manner of operettas, with the fullest possible capitalization on the opportunities for loud singing, brilliant dancing, and fairy-tale scenic surprises. Certainly *The King and I* has, all things considered, made a sensible start.

—HENRY HEWES.



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## SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

### Season for the Sun

TIME was when the summer months were virtually written off by the movie companies. No one really believed the "Cooled by Refrigeration" signs on the marquees, and audiences had been led by sad experience to expect only the most feather-weighted, feather-brained entertainments on the inside. Traditionally, the real movie season began in the fall, after Labor Day, when the pulse of life quickened once more. Air conditioning and drive-ins have changed all that. Now producers jockey for a summer release, hoping to capture some share of the extra hours of leisure that summer brings. No longer are all the proffered entertainments feather-weighted and feather-brained. Just some of them.

In the instance of *The Unsinkable Molly Brown*, however, a bit more feather-weighting might have been in order. Sumptuously but ponderously adapted from Meredith Willson's Broadway musical, it seems intent upon building a national monument to its greedy, gregarious heroine—a monument swathed in mounds of red velvet and illuminated by gold-encrusted chandeliers. Molly herself, at least as stridently portrayed by Debbie Reynolds, is not a particularly attractive person. *Nouveau riche* after her husband has struck gold in Colorado, she hopes to buy her way into Denver's snob-ridden society. When this fails, she goes on to Europe, where royalty promptly clasps her to its bosom because she is so "refreshing" and "honest." But her triumphant return to Denver, dukes and duchesses in tow, is marred by a first-rate brannigan that breaks out during the reception. Back in Europe, she begins to suspect (along with most of the audience) that she is loved only for her money. Then comes the *Titanic* disaster, her heroism, her acceptance by Denver's elite, and her name as a minor footnote to history.

As all this emerges on the screen, to the accompaniment of Willson's ingratiating score, it becomes the apotheosis of all the "poor girl makes good" histories ever filmed; but Molly's goals and values, as presented in the film, are so shallow and superficial that her final victory can be interpreted only as the triumph of bad taste. Presumably endearing is the garish, ostentatious decor of Molly's Pennsylvania Avenue mansion, her preference for hoe-downs to chamber music, her "honest" bad manners in polite society. Perhaps the society, both foreign and domestic, into which she buys her way deserves no better. But the distressing thing about this picture is that its creators and producers obviously share her values. The fact that Molly Brown has finally won over a group of snobs and titled parasites is, for them, an occasion for rejoicing and a quick, happy curtain. Having done well, they seem to imply, she has also done right. One recalls Ruggles of Red Gap, that estimable "gentleman's gentleman" who encountered the same snobbism, and wonders what he would have made of this late recruit to the tribe of his persecutors.

Ironically, *The Unsinkable Molly Brown* might have fared better as straight drama in which, stripped of songs, dances, and the necessity for a joyous finale, the implications of Molly's story could have been explored with some understanding and perspective. By a reverse irony, *Ensign Pulver*, a belated sequel to *Mr. Roberts*, might well have been a musical in which, under the charitable concealment afforded by songs and dances, its sentimental clichés and stock characterizations would have been less remarkable. For this Joshua Logan-Peter S. Feibleman script has them all: The Queegish captain of a small Navy freighter in the South Pacific during World War II, his restive crew led by a cynical doctor and a scrounging Ensign, a compliant Army nurse, a sailor denied permission to leave the ship to attend his baby's funeral back in the States, even a climactic appendectomy that Pulver performs on the Captain with instructions short-waved by the bibulous Doc to the inexperienced, reluctant, but basically humanitarian young man. Rodgers and Hammerstein, with a song about tolerance and a couple of spicy numbers for the sailors to sing, could have given it all a fine, mellow glow. As it is, it just seems trite and old-fashioned. Robert Walker, in the title role, helps remind one what a superb job Jack Lemmon did originally. Burl Ives is embarrassingly heavy-handed as the Captain, and Walter Matthau as Doc is simply embarrassed.

THE British also have a penchant for resurrecting previous wars in search of combat-inspired heroics. *Zulu*, which recreates the defense of the Rorke's Drift mission in 1879 by a "thin red line" of only 141 Britishers against 4,000 well-disciplined savages, must give them a special satisfaction. For that one battle, eleven Victoria Crosses were awarded. The film not only shows precisely how each was won, but also how each of the 4,000 Zulus died. Small wonder that these days I find the beaches more alluring. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

# Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

### A WORD TO THE WISE

Wisdom can often reside in a single word. Here, submitted by Harold Helfer of Silver Spring, Maryland, are an even dozen profound, provocative, or just poignant statements by well-known people. In each case, only one word is omitted and Mr. Helfer requires that you decide which it is from the three possibilities supplied. The trick is to pick the right one. Answers on page 51.

1. "No man ever became _____ by chance."—Seneca
   *powerful* *rich* *wise*
2. "_____ is a woman."—F. W. Nietzsche
   *Happiness* *Vanity* *Jealousy*
3. "Solvency is entirely a matter of _____ and not of income."
   —Logan Pearsall Smith
   *frugality* *temperament* *luck*
4. "A woman can forgive a man for the harm he does her, but she can never forgive him for the _____ he makes on her account."
   —W. Somerset Maugham
   *enemies* *witticisms* *sacrifices*
5. "No man is educated who has never dallied with the thought of _____."
   —William James
   *suicide* *glory* *atheism*
6. "I cannot afford to waste my time making _____."—Louis Agassiz.
   *love* *orations* *money*
7. "The thing that takes up the least amount of time and causes the most amount of trouble is _____."—John Barrymore
   *eating* *sex* *gossip*



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# FRESH BREEZES IN THE WINDY CITY

THIS spring Chicago hit the jackpot twice with impressive impact. First came the announcement that the Newberry Library had purchased Louis Silver's peerless collection of rare books, a formidable group designed to augment and reinforce the already distinguished holdings of that institution. Mr. Silver, a dynamic personality, served on the board of the library until his recent death. To visit the collection at his suburban home was an electrifying experience, made more so by the presence of several fine Rembrandt drawings and by Mr. Silver's own contagious ebullience. If my blood pressure sometimes shot up during these encounters, so always did my spirits. Mr. Silver's name is remembered, too, at the University of Chicago, from whose Law School he graduated. There, in the recently completed Law Library, a room dedicated to the Louis Silver Special Book Collection features rare legal volumes, some dating from as early as the fifteenth century.

And it was in front of the handsome new law buildings designed by the late Eero Saarinen that Chicago hit the jackpot a second time this season. On June 10, what may well prove to be the city's most important modern outdoor sculpture was dedicated. Conceived by Antoine Pevsner, noted Russian constructivist artist who lived in Paris from 1923 until his death in 1962, the soaring bronze abstraction is named *Construction in Space in the Third and Fourth Dimension*, a title which on first acquaintance may seem unduly pretentious but which after adequate study becomes entirely valid. For what happens here is peculiarly related to the dimensions of space and time. The sculpture, specifically planned to be seen from all sides, changes as the observer varies his position, an act requiring deliberation. To view it from a window in the Law Library is a radically different experience from approaching it at street level. Rarely has a sculpture been more fully oriented to the multilateral possibilities of its structure. It seems to unfold, to move not only in space but in time with an almost hypnotic rhythm, and yet this bronze is static, securely fastened to a magnificent granite base (also designed by Pevsner). Convoluted free planes are so interpenetrated with linear ribs as to suggest the process of evolving growth.

Pevsner and his equally renowned younger brother, Gabo, have proved that a sculpture can be mobile without being a mobile. Never literal, never realistic, Pevsner abstracted from both nature and contemporary life, his proliferating forms reminiscent of immaculate industrial machinery no less than intricate plant life.

In discussing the construction he gave to the university, New Yorker Alex Hillman, a graduate of Chicago forty years ago, has described it as "the conquest of a poetic vision." Pevsner, he says, "liberated us from mass. His sculpture affirms the architecture of Saarinen." And, indeed, from the start Eero Saarinen advocated a work by Pevsner for the 90-by-120-foot reflecting pool in the Law School's central court, a refreshing decision these days when public sculpture in America focuses almost obsessively on the massive figures of Henry Moore. This is not to deplore such abundance, but constant repetition can make even inspired work seem perfunctory. "Eero felt that Pevsner belonged to our time," said the architect's widow, Aline Saarinen, at the dedication.

Saarinen's four buildings comprising the Law School complex are joined by organic passageways that lead without interruption from library to classrooms, from offices to auditorium. Here an authentic environment has been created, meaningful, useful, and vigorous. As Saarinen himself said, "The buildings were designed to function for the University of Chicago Law School and not for anything else. The over-all concept seeks to reflect the importance to the legal profession of both the written and the spoken word." Hence the pivotal position and dominating design of the library; hence the emphasis on free meeting areas for open discussion.

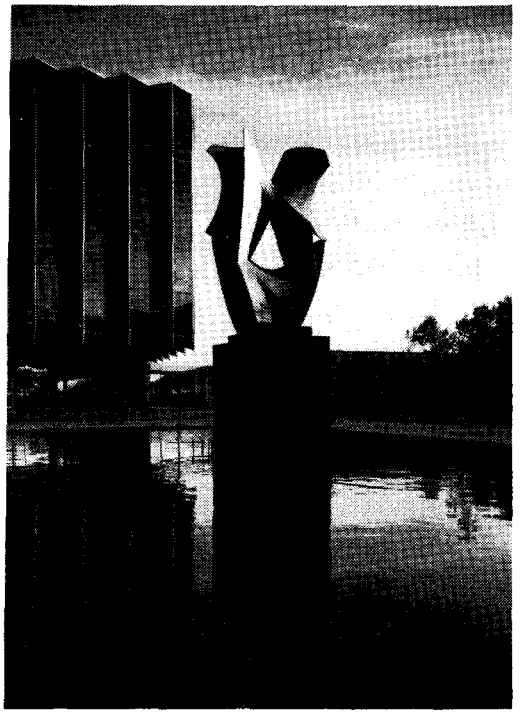
Finished in 1960, the new law group adapts itself but does not succumb to neighboring dormitories, which, alas, are all too typical examples of banal collegiate Gothic. The most dramatic single unit in the Saarinen compound is the six-story glass-walled library and office building, from whose multiple windows Pevsner's sculpture appears to consummate advantage.

The university is fortunate in having two faculty members who are at once authorities in their own field and informed enthusiasts where art and architecture are concerned. The moving spirit behind the new buildings is Edward Levi, now provost of the university but until recently dean of the Law School. It was he who backed the entire project, assisted by his colleague, Walter Blum, professor of law and a tax specialist. It is both rare and reassuring to find legal scholars dedicated to such high quality in the arts.

Near Saarinen's Law School, Edward Durrell Stone has erected a Conference Center for Continuing Education, a somewhat overelegant building that seems curiously at odds with Chicago's exuberant vitality. Several blocks west, a pure skeleton of steel heralds a disciplined structure by Mies van der Rohe soon to accommodate the Social Service Administration School. This is good news and long overdue, for Chicago's greatest architect should certainly not be overlooked by Chicago's greatest educational institution. There is also talk that a Fermi Memorial may be designed by Nervi, an appropriate choice since both men represent the pinnacle of Italian invention during our century.

That the campus could become overdiversified is a danger not to be dismissed, for too many unrelated designers, no matter how able, can produce virtual anarchy. Yet given a master plan and ample space, along with the dedicated involvement of discerning faculty representation, the University of Chicago may in time physically parallel the brilliance of its academic achievements.

—KATHARINE KUH.



**Pevsner's *Construction* and Law Library.**



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# Books



LITERARY HORIZONS

## Beatnik in Lumberjack Country

IN HIS first novel, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, Ken Kesey demonstrated that he was a forceful, inventive, and ambitious writer. All of these qualities are exhibited, in even higher degree, in *Sometimes a Great Notion* (Viking, $7.50). Here he has told a fascinating story in a fascinating way.

The story concerns the Stamper family. Henry Stamper, descendant of a long line of restless pioneers, got about as far West as he could go, and settled near the Oregon coast, working as a lumberjack. He was an uncouth, violent, domineering sort of man, full of vitality, the boss of the whole Stamper clan. His wife bore him a son, called Hank, who was very much like him. After Hank's mother died, Henry married a young woman not yet finished with college, a delicate girl. She also bore him a son, named Leland Stanford Stamper, in honor of the college she had been attending. When Leland was twelve, she took him East, ostensibly to find a school for him, and never returned.

There are two central conflicts in the book. One is between the Stampers and the lumbermen's union, a conflict that sporadically flares into violence. The other is between Hank and his half-brother, Lee. Lee at this point is living in New York City, a highbrow and something of a beatnik. When he gets a card from a cousin, asking him to come and help the Stampers in their fight against the union, he decides to go, chiefly because he wants to get even with Hank for all the slights Hank put upon him when he was a boy.

Hank breaks Lee in as a lumberjack, and he becomes at least a fair worker, but all the time he is planning his revenge. The tension between the half-brothers mounts steadily, with Hank's wife, Vivian, becoming one of the issues at stake. Meanwhile the battle against the union goes on, working to its climax.

At the beginning the reader is likely to be confused. For instance, Kesey abruptly turns from third person to first and back again with no explanation. He uses italics, parentheses, and capitals to introduce elements from one story into another, and the reader doesn't know who's who or what's what. But, with a little patience, he finds himself and begins to understand what Kesey is trying to do. Kesey says at one point:

> Time overlaps itself. A breath breathed from a passing breeze is not the whole wind, neither is it just the last of what has passed and the first of what will come, but is more—let me see—more like a single point plucked on a single strand of a vast spider web of winds, setting the whole scene atingle.

How his method works may be illustrated by reference to a coon hunt, with Henry and Lee and Hank and Hank's wife and Hank's cousin and best friend, Joe Ben, taking part. Hank and Joe Ben follow the dogs, while Henry, Lee, and Vivian build a fire and wait. While Henry is telling a long story about another hunt, Lee and Vivian are sitting side by side.

> "Y'see, there was this ol' boy over there we knowed that claimed he had one *outstandin'* sharpie of a fox that he hadn't been able to poison or trap or shoot, an' he would pay us five dollars cash to get shut of the devil so's his pore *poultry* could get some rest nights . . ."—*now she feels the hand slide further around beneath her hair to cup her throat, fingers thin and soft beneath the new shell of calluses, and Lee leans forward so his whispering is near her cheek:* "That first day I met you, you remember? you had been crying—" "Shhh!" "—and I still hear you cry at night sometimes . . ." *Oh! he can feel that little vein there—*

Henry's story goes on while the barking of the dogs indicates the progress of the hunt. So the hunt in the past seems to merge with the hunt in the present, and both serve as background for Lee's wooing of Vivian.

At the climax, when Hank and Lee fight, we see the fight from both points of view:

> The blow surprised me no more than had the discovery of my advantage in height: How interesting, I thought, as I saw stars sparked from my cheekbone. (The kid took the punch. He just stood there and took it. I guess I knew he would, with her watching, because that's another part of the way he's got it so worked out.) How interesting, I thought . . . . (He went down at the second punch and I figured that was that, he's let her see all she needs to see.)

Many novelists have experimented

8 Checklist of the Week's New Books
13 Documents of the Struggle for Human Decency: An essay review by Emile Capouya of "My People Is the Enemy," by William Stringfellow; "A Time to Speak," by Charles Morgan, Jr.; "Why We Can't Wait," by Martin Luther King, Jr.; "Mississippi: The Closed Society," by James W. Silver; "Black Man's America," by Simeon Booker; "Black, White and Gray," edited by Bradford Daniel; "Freedom Now!" edited by Alan W. Westin
21 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Sometimes a Great Notion," by Ken Kesey
22 On the Fringe, by Haskel Frankel
23 Nuclear Disaster, by Tom Stonier; Tomorrow's Weapons, by J. H. Rothschild; Peace and Arms: Reports from "The Nation," edited by Henry M. Christman; A Strategy of Interdependence, by Vincent P. Rock
25 The Rope Bridge, by Cecilie Leslie. Path of Dalliance, by Auberon Waugh. The Soul of Kindness, by Elizabeth Taylor. Not in the Calendar, by Margaret Kennedy
26 The Town Beyond the Wall, by Elie Wiesel
34 Books for Young People, by Alice Dalgliesh
36 Criminal Record



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with the rapid shifting of point of view, and some have tried to blend past and present—William Faulkner, for instance, in *Absalom, Absalom!* and "The Bear." But I can think of no one who has made such continuous use of these two methods as Kesey. And he has made them serve his purpose: that is, he has succeeded in suggesting the complexity of life and the absence of any absolute truth.

Most readers, I imagine, won't worry about the method. After a little difficulty at the beginning, they will be carried away by the story, which is full of excitement. Kesey has created a number of remarkable characters—not only Henry and Hank and Lee and Joe Ben but also a union official, an unsuccessful theater operator, a minister, a bartender, and so on. Sometimes, I feel, he is carried away by a character and writes too much about him. He is, indeed, an extravagant writer, somewhat in the manner of Thomas Wolfe, but most of the time he has himself under control.

Hank Stamper may be regarded as the last of the frontiersmen. A fine athlete in high school, a demonic fighter, a belligerent individualist, he is cast in an heroic mold, as becomes clear in the scene in which he tries to save Joe Ben's life. In other ways, however, he is vulnerable, and that is why his struggle with Lee is so dramatic. Not every episode in Hank's saga is completely credible, but a character does emerge in which I can believe. As for Lee, I sympathized with him at first because he is an intellectual, but later he seemed rather petty in comparison with his half-brother. In the end, however, they are well matched, and it is fitting that they should stand together against the enemy.—GRANVILLE HICKS.

**FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1094**

*A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1094 will be found in the next issue.*

FLY BKAPCKFM KQ QPBYFKBYQ

CKHLF; FLY BRDPCKFM RSERMQ

ECPAH.

QLRE

***Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1093***

*A hotel isn't like home, but it's better than being a house guest.*
—FEATHER.

**ON THE FRINGE**

# Professors to Ping Pong Players

**A new novel by John Hawkes** was recently published. Entitled *Second Skin* (New Directions), it received typical John Hawkes-type reviews, the sort writers dream about. Despite the critical acclaim, his book has not been on everyone's lips, another typical John Hawkes situation. Faced with this, Mr. Hawkes shrugged and smiled a that's-the-way-the-ball-bounces sort of smile that seemed to flow up into the mild eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses. "Well, I'm known in the universities if not to the general public."

Does he mind being referred to as a writer's writer? "I don't think I am. Writer's writer implies that the quality of a book is such that its appeal is limited to other writers. Maybe that was the case with my work in the beginning. It might have been too difficult for the general public, I don't know. But I don't think my last book, *The Lime Twig*, or *Second Skin* are.

"I don't care about the general public but I'd like to be more widely read. There's a paradox for you. I guess I'm a so-called underground writer who wants to be above ground."

Mr. Hawkes, who is thirty-nine years old, lives in Providence, Rhode Island, with his wife and four children. "We have a gutted old baronial hall. The four kids are still gutting it. In winter we huddle around the fire to keep warm. I believe in leading a simple, unspectacular, normal life. My fiction is the opposite."

Part of his normal life is devoted to his teaching career. After he was graduated from Harvard he taught creative writing there for three years. He also spent a semester as visiting member of the Humanities Faculty of MIT and conducted the novel workshop at the Writers' Conference of the University of Utah. Since 1958 he has been associate professor of English at Brown University.

At Brown he teaches two writing courses, an intermediate composition course for those whose writing needs improvement, and an advanced fiction-writing course. "In any one year you find a variety of gifted students. Each uses the language his own way, one experimentally, another poetically. If you're looking for a trend, I can't say that I see any. There's less imitation of Hemingway than there used to be. Salinger's influence is still felt but it seems to be dying down. There's still some Faulkner influence showing up, which I think is good. Besides, it's always easy to get over the Faulkner influence. If student writers imitate, they do it more consciously, as in parody, which, frankly, I don't like.

"Pornography? There's been none of it showing up in my classes. What's been published to date seems to have had no influence. I'm sorry about that; we might have had something to talk about.

"I'm very enthusiastic about teaching. I expect to go on with it—and my writing, of course—no matter what happens."

What *has* happened will take Professor Hawkes away from Brown for a year beginning this month when he embarks for California to work with a professional drama group, courtesy of a fellowship from the Ford Foundation. "I'll be studying the relationship of drama to fiction. It's something new and different for me, and I'm very excited about it. If you want something to say about me, say I'm open to the possibilities of life."

**Anyone who suffered** a hernia while attempting to read *Youngblood Hawke* is excused from reading this portion of the column, which is devoted to an upcoming novel 623 pages thick. I decided that I ought to meet its author when I received a letter beginning, "Atheneum's major work of American fiction of the year, William Goldman's *Boys and Girls Together*, will be published on July 21."

Since no publishing house has ever announced that it was bringing out a minor work of fiction, I checked further. I learned that the novel, which concerns six young people seeking their destinies in New York City, has already been signed for English publication, has movie companies interested in it (Mr. Goldman's last book, *Soldier in the Rain*, made it to the screen with Jackie Gleason not so long ago), and has been sold to an unnamed paperback house (well, I know but I'm not supposed to tell) for a tidy $100,000. On the off-chance that a potential best-selling author was being waved under my nose, I arranged an appointment.

William Goldman is one month shy of being thirty-three years old. All six foot of him looks built out of a football coach's prayer (he can carry a copy of his novel in one hand without visible sign of strain) though he says that his sport was ping pong.

After about fifteen minutes of such



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sparkling statements as "I'm a storyteller or that's what I try to do" and "I think I won't write a book of this length again," it occurred to me that Mr. Goldman wasn't too comfortable being interviewed. He admitted it. "I'd like to read a short piece about what a great guy I am, but I have a fear of sounding like a dope."

To put him at ease I told him that he should let me know when he said something he didn't want me to use. For a few moments, we went along swimmingly.

"I took two writing courses in college, one at Oberlin and one at Northwestern. I got the worst grades in both. I didn't flunk because so long as you turn in the stuff they can't flunk you. In spite of the courses I always assumed I would be a writer.

"In the summer of 1956, right after college, I wrote my first novel, *Tunnel of Gold*. I was marvelously naïve about writing in those days. I went to bed each night not knowing what I would write the next day. The book was taken by Alfred Knopf, the first publisher who saw it. If no one had taken it I probably never would have written again."

And then the "you may not use that" phrase got into the conversation like a termite in a lumberyard. Not that personal questions were asked or revealing answers given. "I worry about what I'm saying. I continuously ask, 'Do you understand me? Do you get it?' I circle and circle around something when I talk because I don't think I make myself clear."

Rather than violate a confidence, if I had one to violate, I'd like to say a few words about Mrs. Goldman. The few words are "Wow!" Her picture—"She's a social worker, model and housewife"—appears on the back of the book along with that of the author and their daughter. How come the family portrait, I asked. As best I can figure out on a page of crossed-out statements, I wasn't told I couldn't print this, so: "It was the publisher's idea. There are some homosexuals in my novel and Atheneum thought it would be a good idea to show a picture of me with my wife and daughter."

As he was leaving, William Goldman said, "You know what I'd like to be by the time I'm forty? It seems to me that there are five people all named Elizabeth Bowen who go around reviewing each other's books all over the place. I'd like to be one of them."

Before he could say "but you may not use that" I slammed the door and raced for my typewriter. Just for the record, somewhere between the evasions I got the impression that William Goldman is a nice guy. And since I arrived at that conclusion all by myself I've given me permission to say it. And I'd like to see any ping pong player try to stop me.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

# Away from the Brink of War

***Nuclear Disaster,*** *by Tom Stonier (Meridian. 225 pp. Paperback, $2.45),* ***Tomorrow's Weapons,*** *by J. H. Rothschild (McGraw-Hill. 271 pp. $6.95),* ***Peace and Arms: Reports from "The Nation,"*** *edited by Henry M. Christman (Sheed & Ward. 243 pp. $4.50), and* ***A Strategy of Interdependence: A Program for the Control of Conflict Between the United States and the Soviet Union,*** *by Vincent P. Rock (Scribners. 432 pp. $7.50), approach the realities of the atomic age from varying points of view. Harry Howe Ransom teaches political science at Vanderbilt University.*

By HARRY HOWE RANSOM

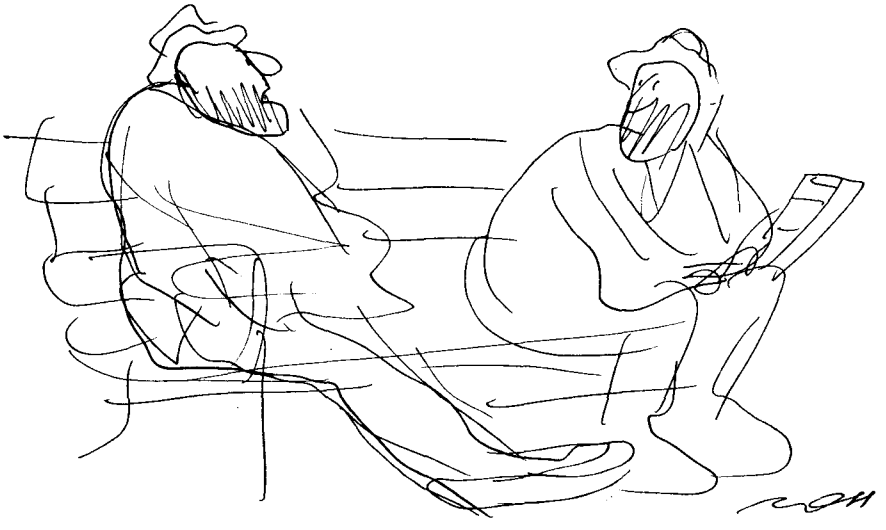
DURING the October 1962 confrontation over Russian missiles in Cuba an American President and a Russian Premier found themselves looking down the nuclear gun barrel. This awesome experience was mutually edifying. It produced, more than anything else had done, the conviction in both countries that whatever their continuing ideological conflicts, their real interest lay in backing away from the brink of war.

In perhaps the most important speech of his 1,036 days as President, John F. Kennedy told an American University graduating class on June 10, 1963, that the Soviet Union and the United States "have a mutually deep interest in a just and genuine peace and in halting the arms race." More recently President Johnson, realizing his burden of unimaginable responsibility as nuclear-age Commander in Chief, asserted that "general war is impossible and some alternatives are essential."

An earnest search for such alternatives is now under way, leaders of both the United States and the USSR having apparently come to understand what many citizens do not yet comprehend fully: that today's (and tomorrow's) nuclear, chemical, and biological weapons have rendered war unthinkable. The four books under review are pertinent in varying ways to this urgent quest.

*Nuclear Disaster,* by Tom Stonier, a biologist at Manhattan College, is a competent synthesis for the layman of what is known and can be reasonably projected about the effects of a specific hydrogen blast or a general nuclear war. It provides a valuable counterbalance to some of the Pentagon-sponsored "thinking about the unthinkable" which presumes that nuclear weapons are simply more efficient instruments of rational policy, and that somehow we can survive a nuclear war.

Mr. Stonier describes what would happen if a twenty-megaton thermonuclear weapon were detonated at Co-



*"It's not simply that I am unable to find work, or can't work—or won't work, but rather a complex amalgamation of all three."*



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lumbus Circle in Manhattan. Citizens of New York need to know, if they do not already, that one such bomb would probably kill 6,000,000 of the city's 8,000,000 inhabitants, and would cause 1,000,000 additional deaths outside the city. Non-New Yorkers need to realize that the fallout from this one bomb would endanger the lives of persons in a 4,000-square-mile area.

A general nuclear attack would produce a disruption of the balance of nature beyond any known to have occurred in the last ten millennia, causing floods, radical changes in the weather, insect plagues, erosion. *Nuclear Disaster* is a far more persuasive peace document than the familiar vague platitudes about the horrors of nuclear war.

*Tomorrow's Weapons*, by Brigadier General J. H. Rothschild, is a catalogue, complete with charts, bibliography, and medical appendix, of the malefic possibilities open to man in the field of chemical and bacterial warfare. The author, former head of the Research and Development Command of the Army's Chemical Corps, was in charge of research on chemical-biological-radiological (CBR) instruments of war.

In this book one finds a bizarre combination of information and advice. First, concern is expressed lest there be a "gap" in germ-toxic warfare potential between the United States and the USSR. Then there is an argument for the morality, practicality, and necessity of our possessing a superior offensive and defensive capability in this field. And, finally, there is a plea for an effective international organization to prevent war—whose peace-keeping forces would be armed with chemical-bacterial weapons.

General Rothschild provides a detailed analysis of the nature of toxic and germ agents, their effects, their tactical and strategic uses, proposing to dispel the "miasma of ignorance" surrounding them. Some of these weapons, he argues, are more "humane," causing less suffering at the time of attack and fewer permanent after-effects, than the more "acceptable" instruments of war now crowding our military arsenals. We are told, for example, that by spreading brucellosis bacteria we could, at a low cost, "stop most normal activity" in the Soviet Union. The book also recommends as a defense measure that we provide gas masks for our entire population "in six sizes for adults and children."

After reading such pleas as these, it is with some relief that one comes to the concluding chapter, which stresses the overriding need for a comprehensive system of world government based upon enforceable law. The book's chief value lies in the light it sheds upon one alternative to peace.

In *Peace and Arms*, Henry M. Christman has collected articles from *The Nation* covering a three-year period beginning in the fall of 1960. They deal with problems of war and peace, generally from a pacifist, anti-establishment point of view.

While the articles are of uneven quality, the collection as a whole offers useful and provocative information and sentiments about the Cold War and the East-West arms race. One of the book's three sections deals with "the military-industrial complex"; another might have been called "Inside the Peace Movement," and a final grouping focuses on disarmament. On these subjects one will encounter many familiar commentators, such as Seymour Melman, Senator William Proxmire, Louis B. Sohn, J. B. Priestley, Donald N. Michael, and Fred J. Cook.

The most original articles are those conveying perceptions from within the peace movement, notably two by Barbara Deming on the nonviolent protestors against war who attempt to board Polaris submarines and participate in "walks for peace." But there is also much else of interest in this collection of unorthodox commentary.

Vincent P. Rock's *A Strategy of Interdependence* is the most ambitious and important volume of the four. It is far more than just another book on disarmament. The author, a senior research analyst at the Institute for Defense Analysis, Washington, D.C., assumes that both the United States and the Soviet Union urgently require a strategy that will avoid nuclear holocaust and insure survival, while permitting each to pursue its internal interests. He has constructively inquired into the perplexing question of how this mutual interest can prevail over the basic East-West conflict.

Rather than centering upon immediate foreign policy crises, such as Vietnam or Cuba, Mr. Rock's concern is with "the creation of new purposes and an international environment in which they may be pursued." Focusing on Soviet-American relations, he undertakes a search for instruments, other than military, to be utilized for restraining the use of force. Perhaps he overlooks the fact that the Cold War now involves much more than United States-Russian antagonisms.

Mr. Rock's thesis rests upon the natural-law assumption that there is a single international society with a community of interest. Herein lies the main conceptual problem of his book. One cannot create a single world society merely by asserting that a community of interest exists. In fact, two major contradictory forces are at work: an increasing interdependence of nations and a rising epidemic of nationalism. In stressing the aspiration toward unity the author underestimates the virulent forces that compete with it.

But Mr. Rock would "reshape the goals of men and nations" in order that conflict may be effectively controlled. His new contribution to an old idea is to conceive of world community in strategic terms. Science and technology, he argues, make interdependence urgent while at the same time providing the means for its attainment. His suggested cross-national activities, outlined in tentative terms, include common action with the Soviet Union on programs such as disarmament, the limiting of military capabilities in other countries, cooperation on the frontiers of science and technology, trade, the deliberate reallocation of gross national product to stress consumer goods, new forms of communication in education and cultural affairs, and American-Russian cooperative programs in the developing areas. Mr. Rock's treatise is somewhat marred by tautology.

But it is a timely book—so timely, indeed, that it has been outdistanced by some recent events. An increased sense of U.S.-Soviet community of interest has become evident (as the author notes in an updated epilogue).

The quadrennial contest between Republicans and Democrats for the Presidency does not provide the most fertile ground for these new ideas. But the search for peace ought not to be delayed. While no one book and no one mind can create the grand design for a redefinition of a national security, Mr. Rock's volume is a valuable contribution.

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# The Hills and Rivers of Home

***The Rope Bridge,*** *by Cecilie Leslie (Doubleday. 157 pp. $3.95), reveals much about India and the British who reside there in its tale of an adolescent girl who is claimed by two mothers. C. D. Narasimhaiah is the editor and founder of The Literary Criterion in Mysore.*

By C. D. NARASIMHAIAH

THIS is the story of Liza, an English girl of fifteen, the daughter of Howard Drexler, a forest officer in the service of the Raja of Buxor on the northern border of India. The forest officer is dead, but Liza and her mother live on the Raja's bounty, in return for which Mrs. Drexler looks after his race horses and elephants. Liza has developed a strong attachment for the blue hills, the gentle green valleys, the river Teemi, and the simple folk living in the area. She adores her mother and likes the aristocratic Mitras, especially their young son Raji, a Cambridge undergraduate whom she longs to marry.

But suddenly Liza learns that she may actually be Caroline, the daughter of Colonel and Mary Henson, who, by a strange sequence of events resulting from the British evacuation of Burma, was substituted for the Drexlers' own infant daughter. Now Mary, to Liza's consternation, has come to India to reclaim her.

The novel opens with talk of shikars, races, picnics, and bridge parties, raja sahibs and *burra mems,* and butlers whose white coats are crackling with starch. With consummate artistry Cecilie Leslie contrasts the Indian and English ways of life, the differences in food, dress, behavior, and religion. Consider how, by a few strokes of the pen, she brings to life the Raja of Buxor, who believes that books "are for white ants" and that art consists of "nudes in marble"; Liza's foster mother, who "does not understand people, only animals"; Liza herself, whom Raji describes as "not a girl, but a Five-Year Plan," and, best of all, Kainche, the "tender-hearted little hill *ayah.*" Add to these the Mitras, who, like many ill-educated Indians, talk loosely of India and Indian culture, despise caste, child marriage, and dowry, but when it comes to arranging the marriage of their British-educated son revert to tradition.

—*Stanley Turek.*

**Cecilie Leslie—uncanny perception.**

As children Liza and Raji played near the rope bridge that separates their homes, and near it she is violated by a Tibetan mule driver while fleeing from the Mitras, who would send her to England. A controlling, ordering symbol in the book, the rope bridge is weakening and giving away, but a "thick rope that refused to be split" is taking its place within. Like the bridge, Liza proves to have resilience.

Seldom has the encounter between the two cultures—Indian and English—been so successfully realized; the author's perception is uncanny. Even E. M. Forster, in that overrated novel *A Passage to India,* only skims the surface, and, unlike Miss Leslie, he fails pathetically when he has to cope with the deeper aspects of Indian life.

**Subsidies Yes, Bombs No!:** Auberon Waugh's *Path of Dalliance* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95) is funny, impertinent, fast, somewhat overstuffed with wit, and very much a "young man's book." It is a college novel—yes, another one; but for myself I don't care how many they write so long as they use different characters each time. College is scarcely less spacious than the world these days.

Waugh's portrait of campus radicalism is for me the best thing in the book. It is devastating, this sneer at young Romantics preparing to seize control of England's government in order to ban the bomb, vote themselves subsidies, and declare war on South Africa. The hero, Jamey, is as good-looking, gullible, and wistfully larcenous as Tom Jones himself.

The book's only fault, in fact, is the inevitable one of the genre: it tends to destroy the reader's faith in it as well as in everything else. It is difficult, after having been subjected to nearly 300 pages of satire almost so broad as to become burlesque, to honor the author's final dispositions. Because he did not take his characters seriously, neither can the reader.

—CHARLES ALVA HOYT.

**Destructive Innocence:** In *The Soul of Kindness* (Viking, $4.50) Elizabeth Taylor clearly sets out to prove a rather shocking point about the classic heroine of fiction. It is as if she had deliberately borrowed for her purposes one of those beautiful, ever-loving girls out of Hemingway—Catherine Barkley, say, from *A Farewell to Arms.* Here is a young and pliant creature who never doubts or criticizes, who utters no word that could challenge the ego but only what is wanted from her by the ones she loves. The author then proposes to show that this heroine, through her unimaginative innocence, might have caused serious damage to a great many people.

This is a valid and fascinating objective for a work of fiction; that it is her goal Mrs. Taylor has indicated by warning signals all along the way. The story should be terrifying, for the characters whose lives touch Flora's, especially the peripheral ones, are so recognizably viable that the reader ought to care intensely what doom is hovering over all of them.

Yet, despite her obvious desire not to pull her punches, Mrs. Taylor handles her central characters too gently. They somehow slip away into a safe region of remoteness. This is perhaps one of the dangers of the delicate understatement that distinguishes this author's style. It is as if we see her stage through a transparent theatrical curtain, which at first only lends enchantment to what happens there, but, after a while, when the lighting falls on the gauze from a different angle, becomes tantalizingly opaque.

—HOPE HALE.

**Tuesday's Child:** There are two themes in Margaret Kennedy's new novel, *Not in the Calendar* (Macmillan, $4.95), the more important being indicated by the subtitle: "The Story of an Unorthodox Saint." This concerns Caroline, whose nature it was to give aid and comfort to those in any kind of need, not from a sense of duty but because she had the singular grace of undemanding loving-kindness. Sensible and sensi-



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tive, not at all pious, and not very clever, she possessed the healing gift that comes from instinctive comprehension.

As a child she alone could understand and be understood by her village playmate, Wyn, a deaf-mute supposed to be an idiot. Their separation was a traumatic experience for both. Caroline was engulfed by her well-to-do family. Wyn was adopted by a rich man as a companion for his similarly afflicted daughter, learned sign language and lip-reading, and became a great painter. But the horrible sounds she emitted in place of words kept her imprisoned in loneliness until, reunited with Caroline at last, her throat and mind relaxed and she really spoke. Caroline worked another miracle when she persuaded the fiercely shy celebrity to cooperate with her in encouraging other deaf-mutes to overcome their dreadful handicap. Margaret Kennedy writes with great compassion and considerable knowledge of the different methods the deaf use to break through the barriers of silence. The Wyn-Caroline relationship is presented in moving and convincing terms.

Then there is the novel's second theme. Caroline has a raft of brothers and sisters, and, since most of them marry and have children and grandchildren, one loses count of all the worldly, bustling, successful people whose adventures are episodically narrated as they flutter around Caroline during the sixty-six years of her life. The scene changes from Victorian England to Venice, Paris, Holland, and back to London in 1938, and there is humor, pathos, irony, wit, and action aplenty. In the center of this "Aunt-Heap" is quiet Caroline, healing sick minds and troubled souls by the simplicity with which she accepts people as they are and lets them be what they like.

—Aileen Pippett.

**The Shame of Survival:** Among the displaced and condemned (a category that all men often appear consigned to these days), the promise of hope, however cheerless, may be sustaining. It is that aim which commends Elie Wiesel's third novel, *The Town Beyond the Wall* (translated from the French, by Stephen Becker, Atheneum, $3.95), whose central figure has a special claim to the malaise of alienation.

In his mid-thirties, Michael is a survivor of the concentration camp where his family perished, and since he is a man whose youth was devoted to Talmudic study, "a time when he thought he could save all mankind by the suffering he took upon himself," it is scarcely surprising that years later he still often doubts his sanity and in fact actively seeks madness to escape remembrance. It is as though survival itself is his shame and his guilt, and memory his damnation.

With such powerful tragic elements in motion, one might reasonably expect a drama of stunning impact, or perhaps a poignant tale to astonish the heart. That neither is the case is the fault largely of the shape of the story, which may best be described as a heroic fantasy.

Through the years a face has haunted Michael, an impassive face that merely looked on while the Jews in the town square were herded off to camp. Indifference is an attitude incomprehensible to Michael, and he is set upon returning to his birthplace in Hungary, an undertaking of considerable risk, to confront this man and humiliate him. With the aid of a friend he manages to return and find him; but Michael is then captured by the Russians and mistakenly accused as an agent. It is while resisting a torture which with perverse irony is called "The Prayer" that Michael's past unfolds in episodic scenes, rendered diffuse by parables and moralizing passages, which are sometimes eloquent and touching but which lack narrative pressure. The structural device seems more unattractive after an impressionistic opening sequence, a fragmented, hallucinatory abstraction, suggesting the genuine talent of the writer.

Mr. Wiesel, whose earlier autobiographical sketch of Auschwitz was received as the work of a unique conscience, might better have trusted his experience with suffering to a simpler integrity here. Perhaps then the book would have ended elsewhere, less optimistically but not necessarily less hopeful. For if Michael is to be understood as he is portrayed, he will not easily recover an emotional identification with humanity. And that he does recover it in this relatively short book is a measure of the author's faith rather than his achievement. —Joseph J. Friedman.

# Speak To Me, Sparrow

**By Sister M. Therese**

SPEAK to me, sparrow,
who on this snow wrist of rail
sit lightly to winter, waiting
all of spring as patrimony—
tell me how it is with this more-
than-artifact universe you
take so philosophically.

We meet at concert
each morning (FM Rib Mountain)
and even before I lift my
window to share, you have swung down
on a beam of Bartok and jostled
for stance among your swifter fellows.
Then motionless (forgetting crumbs)

you wait the end
of music to unshiver in
a swarm of terracotta heads
bobbing on my sill. You who fly
through *Psalms* and *Leviticus* to
nest in the hand that thatched you for
all seasons, two-for-a-farthing

sparrow, tell me what
numinous undertows you touch,
what loves warm you to such content
you never pause to question
who gave priority to the lark
in the sky, and sold out
summer to the red-bloused robin.



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# COMPETENT

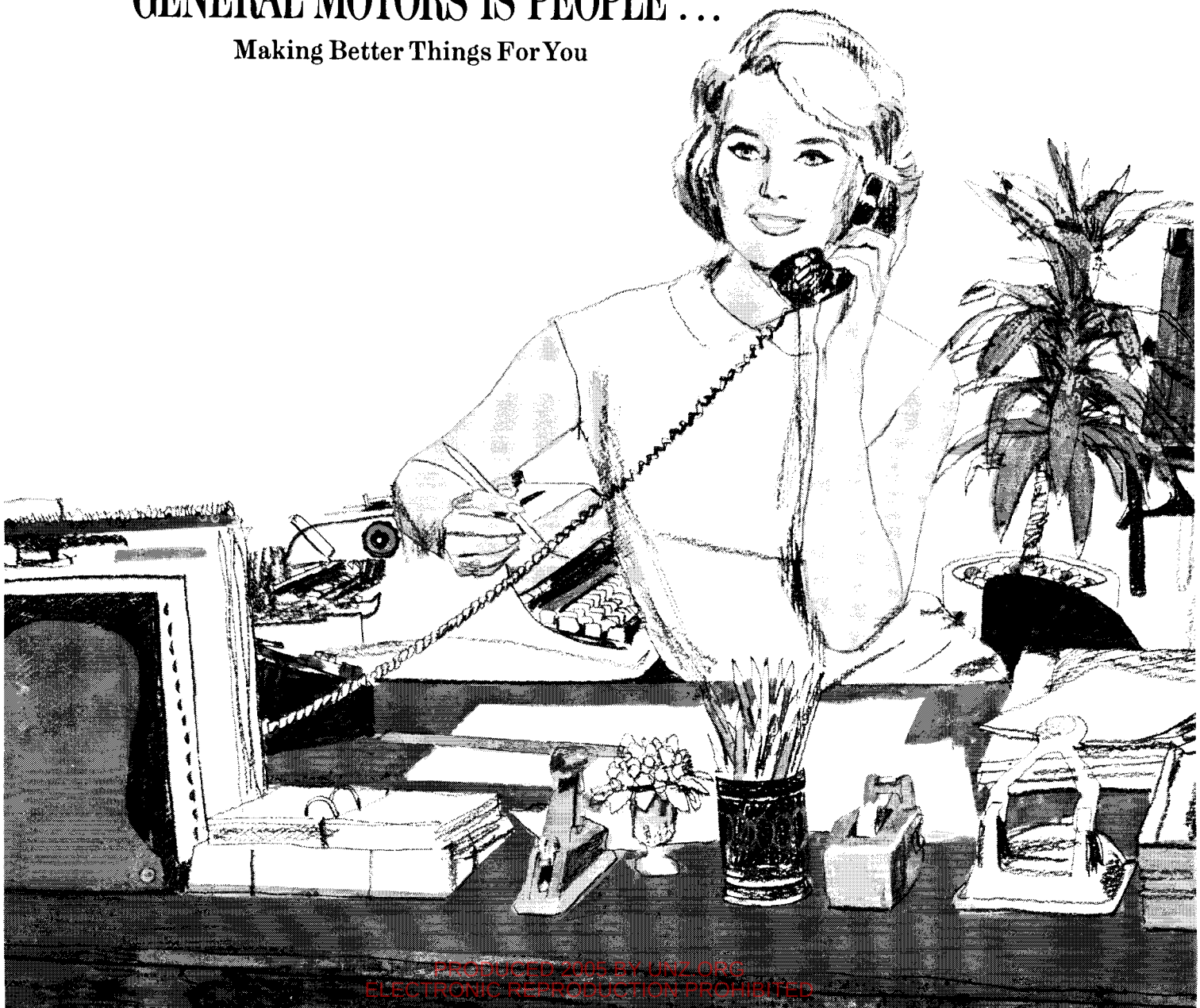
She's a top-notch secretary at General Motors. Her job calls for intelligence, tact, good humor and, most of all, plenty of initiative.

Her skills reflect the variety of talents possessed by the women who work for GM. They are also employed as lab technicians and librarians, designers and dietitians, supervisors and scientists, statisticians and stylists, test-drivers and trained nurses—to say nothing of a wide variety of manufacturing occupations.

Women play an important part in GM progress. They have in the past and they will in the future. In fact, more than 80,000 of GM's 640,000 employes are women—as are more than half of the individual shareholders. Clearly, women are very essential people at General Motors . . . a company that counts *people* as its most important asset.

## GENERAL MOTORS IS PEOPLE . . .

**Making Better Things For You**



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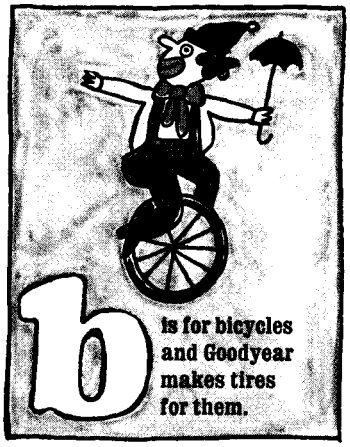

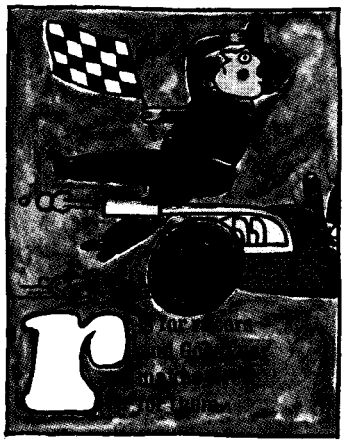

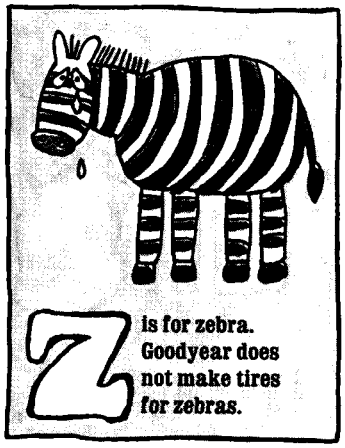


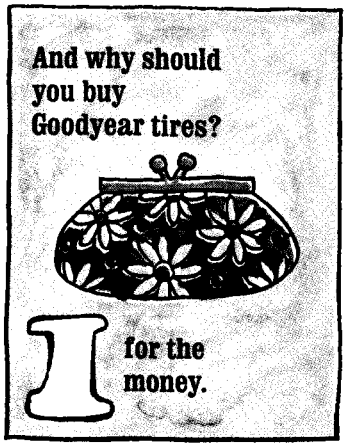

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e is for earth-movers and Goodyear makes tires for them.
f is for farmers and Goodyear makes tires for them.
g is for golf cars and Goodyear makes tires for them.
h is for hand carts and Goodyear makes tires for them.
m is for motorcycles and Goodyear makes tires for them.
n is for nowhere. The place you get to, without Goodyear tires.
o is for older cars and Goodyear makes tires for them.
p is for police cars and Goodyear makes tires for them.
u is for Utah Salt Flats. Goodyear tires broke land speed record here.
v is for vans and Goodyear makes tires for them.
w is for winter and Goodyear makes tires to get you through.
x is for xylophones and Goodyear even makes tires for them.
GO GO GOODYEAR

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* TWELFTH ANNUAL

# World Travel Photo Competition

**TWO GRAND PRIZES**

*for color winner:* **A TRIP TO HONG KONG**

*for black-and-white winner:* **A TRIP TO PARIS**

**PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES**

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 2, 1965, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 2nd issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

**Norris Harkness**—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

**Ivan Dmitri**—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director of Photography in the Fine Arts.

**Leopold Godowsky**—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1964.

**SR's 1963 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS**

**Robert Ishikawa,** Peace Corps volunteer in northern India, 1963 winner of the grand prize for color. Mr. Ishikawa won a round-trip to Tokyo for his picture taken in Ajanta-Ellora, India.

**Rosalind Joseph,** of New York, the 1963 winner of the grand prize for black and white. Mrs. Joseph's photograph, taken in St. Malo, France, won her a round-trip flight to London.

**PHOTO AWARDS**

*Saturday Review*

380 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10017

Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

### *Award Rules*

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of SATURDAY REVIEW, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1963, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

**3. Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK AND WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

**4. Color photographs**

a. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard.

b. Color prints must be 8 x 8 or 8 x 10, unmounted.

c. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage.

5. SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, and/or two color pictures to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1964, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN FOUR PICTURES, TWO IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 2, 1965. Winning pictures become the property of SATURDAY REVIEW.

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# Public Decency

*Continued from page* 13

immediate and absolute conviction. What his testimony comes to is that East Harlem is hell. The point of the testimony, to me, is that this particular hell is certainly manmade, a natural feature of our affluent society, and an unendurable shame. I wonder whether it is innocence or cynicism that sends Peace Corps delegations to foreign parts rather than to the jungle of American cities.

The people of East Harlem are mostly Negro and Puerto Rican—which raises in Mr. Stringfellow's book some of the questions current in the civil-rights movement. Police brutality? The police are brutal. Education? The schools are unspeakable—partly because the human material, the scholars, are corrupted almost at birth by East Harlem. Opportunities for advancement? Next thing to nonexistent. Crime, drugs, perversion? Yes, of course. What did we think was being hatched in that reservoir of cheap labor? Sweetness and light?

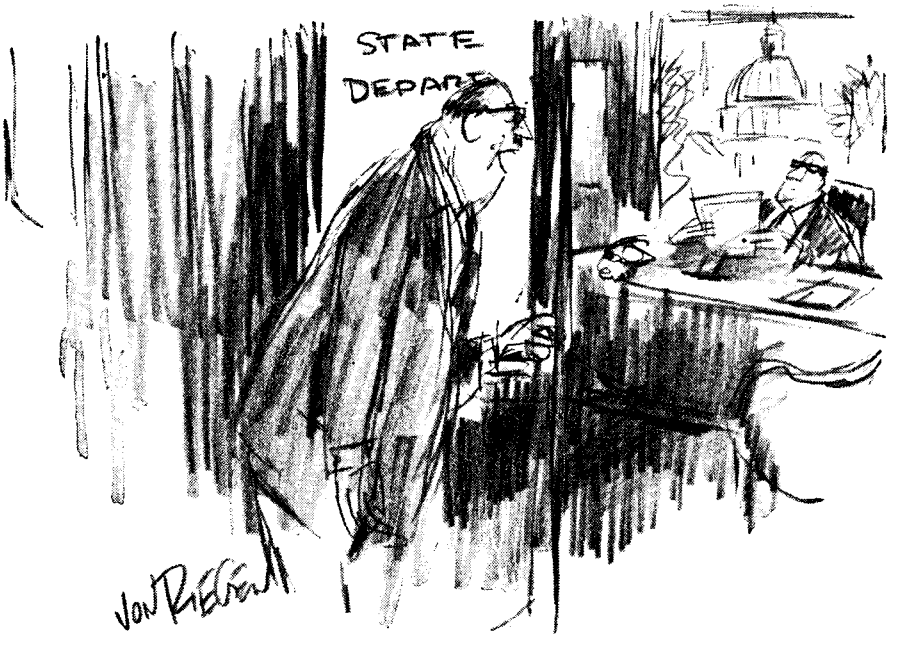
The character of the struggle for civil rights in the North cannot help but be affected by the kind of human character that is nurtured by the slum. The Negroes of the South, who have given the world a lesson in devotion and discipline, are a social group in which the rural tradition is still alive. The people of the slums, whatever their race, show the stigmata of urban demoralization. So the Negroes of the Northern ghettos are less likely to prove infinitely long-suffering than the Southerners, less likely to act on all occasions in a manner so thoroughly consistent with the dignity of their cause. These facts are part of the foundation for the criticism of the North that we hear from Negro leaders: The human plant grows badly in the slums of New York, Detroit, and Chicago. When ugly tactics are advocated by some chapters of civil-rights groups, when some Negro intellectuals profess faith in violence, when white intellectuals applaud them, it behooves us to remember that these voices echo the desperation of the ghetto. Which didn't just grow, like Topsy. The ghetto came to be what it is as a result of social arrangements that swear at our ideal of American life, and I do not mean racial discrimination, even, so much as the sordid system in terms of which the dollar is all-important and the man irrelevant. If there were money in social justice, we would have lots of it. But there is money in slums, so we have them instead.

Charles Morgan, Jr., is also a lawyer, formerly of Birmingham, Alabama. His book, *A Time to Speak* (Harper & Row, $3.95), is a personal history, but it also gives a good general account of the civil-rights struggle in Birmingham, partly as seen by an actor in the drama. Mr. Morgan had the temerity to represent clients involved in civil-rights litigation of various kinds, and that eventually made him a defendant in his turn before the bar of public opinion.

> As I walked out of the Talladega courthouse, several local whites were congregated on the steps. "Look," said one. "There goes that nigger-lovin' son of a bitch from Birmingham."
>
> This time I knew they weren't talking about one of my clients, but about me.

Mr. Morgan at one time cherished political ambitions and did what a young lawyer does to make himself well and favorably known in the right circles. However, there are communities in which a man with a conscience has no future as a tribune of the people. Is it some devil of self-destruction that tempts such a man to do the right thing? But there is no smack of martyrdom about Mr. Morgan's character as it is revealed in his book, no hint of anything more suspicious than self-respect. He made a brave stand, but he strikes the reader as revealing no more than human courage after all—about the level of steadfastness we expect of our friends. What happens to the community that silences or exiles not just its saints and heroes but the ordinarily self-respecting, ordinarily principled, ordinarily courageous men like Mr. Morgan? Ultimately, I imagine, that community dries up and blows away in the wind.

Of Martin Luther King, Jr., one hears many things. That he is a politician first and a man of God sometime thereafter. That he is a timid and reluctant radical, pushed into doing brave things solely by pressure from the rank and file. Etc. I have no inside information. As near as I can tell, he is a hero and something of a saint—with the admirable and annoying qualities that accompany heroism and saintliness. His book professes to tell "why we can't wait." But we know why we can't wait, all of us, white and black. We can't wait because the scandal has gone on quite long enough. Dr. King's *Why We Can't Wait* (Harper & Row, $3.50) has a good deal of value for its review of the recent history of the civil-rights movement, but much more for the famous "Letter from Birmingham Jail," reproduced as Chapter 5 of the volume. That "response to a published statement by eight fellow clergymen from Alabama" is one of the great pamphlets of these latter days, and says it all. Interestingly enough, it is far superior in style to the rest of the book, though most of it was composed, as Dr. King says, "under somewhat constricting circumstances," while the author was enjoying the official hospitality of Birmingham. In a very few places in the Letter, an awkward phrase or an unctuous one violates my canons of taste. But in this instance my taste be damned. I would be remiss if I did not mention, for the sake of those readers who are not yet familiar with the "Letter from Birmingham Jail," the fact that this particular political utterance is a piece of literature. I read it first a year ago in *Liberation* magazine, when it carried all the significance of the crisis in Birming-




*"Jenkins, take over the world's trouble spots while I grab some lunch, will you?"*





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ham. I admire it even more now, on a second, dispassionate reading. And, of course, the significance of literature is, as Aristotle said, that it is more serious and more philosophical than history. And that is why I feel that the Letter says it all.

JAMES W. SILVER is professor of history at the University of Mississippi and a past president of the Southern Historical Association. That should be sufficient to establish his bona fides as a Southerner, even though it was his fortune to be born in New York State and spend his first eleven years *in partes infidelibus*. Here is another Southerner, then, with a backbone, and a mind at the top of it. *Mississippi: The Closed Society* (Harcourt, Brace & World, $4.75) gives a brief history of that state since the Civil War in support of his thesis that it is now a totalitarian state, where orthodoxy wears a pistol to keep you from thinking out loud. Mr. Silver played a most honorable role during the period when James Meredith was seeking admission to his state's university, and he presents an eyewitness account of the famous riot on the university campus against the United States marshals who were protecting Mr. Meredith's right to register. Most of that account is contained in the interesting section entitled "Some Letters from the Closed Society." That section includes a number of letters addressed by Mr. Silver to the Attorney General, whom he was keeping informed and to whom he was addressing reasonable advice on the conduct of the Department of Justice in the troubles. I would dearly love to have Mr. Kennedy's replies, which I make no doubt were appropriately statesmanlike and noncommittal, for the edification of posterity.

As I write this, the United States Navy and the Federal Bureau of Investigation are looking for the corpses of three American citizens who made the mistake of thinking that they could go about the State of Mississippi upon their lawful occasions, and live to tell of it. Mr. Kennedy's response thus far has been to announce that he has no legal authority to protect the lives of Americans by means of our armed forces. That statement will embarrass him—if anything can—when in a month or two he gives the orders that he should be giving now. One rather imagined that safeguarding American lives was what the armed forces were there for; I certainly hope an American soldier has some function other than shooting and incinerating natives. Now, if a mule had been stolen in Mississippi last week, the thief would already have cause to repent. The murder of three young men gets less speedy action there. But the first duty of a government is to keep the governed alive, and if Mississippi can't or won't, the United States must.

Which raises the question of the use of force generally. Every intelligent man looks on anarchism as the ideal polity, but every intelligent man realizes that the cultural level must be a good deal higher than it is now before we can dispense with the coercive apparatus of the state. The trouble is, of course, that coercion is hardly the ideal school for liberty. Jails, police, armies—governments, in short—are self-perpetuating institutions: Just think how Mr. Hoover invents Communists and the State Department invents crises, to make sure that we don't begin to feel that their services may be superfluous. But where a minimal level of decency does not yet exist, where lynching, incendiarism, and rioting are matters of custom, there social hygiene has to be introduced. That is one of the few regrettable-but-legitimate functions of soldiery, for it is really a form of self-defense. In the present instance, Mississippi has a body of men in the uniform of the United States, and who have sworn allegiance to her. I see no reason to question their integrity. I think we should assume they are loyal to their country, and give them the opportunity to perform the proper duty of militia—insuring order and the security of the citizen. Some Mississippians are behaving abominably, and their fellow Mississippians are the most appropriate people to deal with the matter. To send to that unfortunate state units from other parts of the country would be an unnecessary reflection on Mississippi's desire to express her best rather than her worst self. So, if the Attorney General were wise, he would not wait for insurrection and then send in the Marines, but call up Mississippi's units immediately to maintain order. That is brute force, and it is deplorable, but not so deplorable as an amateur reign of terror organized by the insane and the all-too-sane for the purpose of keeping the Negro in his place as society's beast of burden.

SIMEON BOOKER is a prize-winning reporter, and, journalist-fashion, he has written a book composed of personalities and generalizations. *Black Man's America* (Prentice-Hall, $4.95) contains some useful information about the personnel of the various groups connected with the integration movement, and provides a number of insights into the progress, real or merely specious, that the Negro has made in recent years toward full participation in whatever it is that we have going on on this continent. Unfortunately, Mr. Booker's theoretical grasp of the meaning of the civil-rights movement is superficial, and he writes in the style invented by *Time* magazine —a sort of hectoring gush. I am afraid his book is symptomatic of the intellectual penury of the many integrationists and civil-rights advocates who do not understand that their programs are impracticable or meaningless so long as they do not envisage a transformation of American society from top to bottom.

BRADFORD DANIEL'S collection of short pieces by various hands on the themes of integration and civil rights is distinguished by the inclusion of the views of Southern "moderates" (that is to say, moderate segregationists, if I may be permitted an Irish bull) and racists—the latter including the Governors Ross Barnett, Orval Faubus, and George Wallace. Their testimony has to be read to be believed, and I can't say that I am the better for the experience. *Black, White and Gray: 21 Points of View on the Race Question* (Sheed & Ward, $5.95) also contains an intelligent essay by Harry Golden, who is not nearly so insensitive and foolish as his best-selling reputation makes him out to be. Dr. King's "Letter from Birmingham Jail" is reprinted here too. So is Norman Podhoretz's "My Negro Problem—and Ours," an essay that at one time scandalized me with its suggestion that the Negroes are really the prepotent *Herrenvolk* of our American experience, but which I now regard as a necessary prolegomena to the irrelevancies that will be discussed before we begin to talk sensibly about the race question. James Baldwin sometimes casts himself in a similar role of obfuscator, with his habit of interpreting racism as sexual repression—as if banks, insurance companies, and industrial corporations had any libido to repress. He is represented in this collection by an interview given to Eve Auchincloss and Nancy Handy, and first printed in *Mademoiselle*. Understandably, *Mademoiselle* or any other commercial enterprise would rather be told that the fault lay with sex than with money. As a result, this interview is mostly the gossip of the civil-rights movement, with very few sparks of Mr. Baldwin's authentic fire. One wonders how so talented and useful a man can lend himself to the purposes of interviewers who start out this way:

> It was reported somewhere that one of your friends—also a noted writer—said to you, in anger: "You're little, you're ugly, and you're as black as the ace of spades." But your comeback was not recorded.

In any reasonable world, the noted writer in question, and the young lady interviewers, could look to have their mouths washed out with soap. But Mr. Baldwin responded pleasantly enough. That is what is wrong with America.

Mr. Daniel's book also has an interesting essay by Ronnie Dugger, "Con-



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fessions of a White Liberal." Now that the term has become pejorative, it is refreshing to meet one white liberal and find that the stereotype is unjust. Mr. Dugger is still another brave and principled Southerner—I am sure the South is full of such men, and they deserve some encouragement from the rest of us, in the form best adapted to insuring that they can go about their business without being bushwacked.

*Freedom Now! The Civil Rights Struggle in America* (Basic Books, $5.95), Alan Westin's collection, begins with the obligatory essay—properly so—by James Baldwin, this one a passage from *The Fire Next Time*. I think the world instinctively picks out the more doubtful things that this gifted writer says to hold up for comment and applause. There is a note of spite and a whine of special pleading running through many of his public utterances that cannot ultimately defeat the dignity and originality of his vision, but which can always be quoted in his despite by the working of that protective tropism that prefers to steer the discussion away from the really dangerous topic. Sex, hell. It's money that keeps black and white in their respective corners in the great American prize-ring. After that introduction, in any case, follows Dr. King's inspired Letter. But thereafter the character of Mr. Westin's collection, as one might expect of a lawyer and political scientist, is more sociological than inspirational, tending mostly toward issues of pork-chops and politics. This is true of Mr. Westin's own contributions, "Ride-ins and Sit-ins of the 1870's," then an essay on the invisible progress of school integration in the South, and finally a most useful bibliography of books and articles dealing with civil rights.

THE unspoken fear of the civil-rights movement is that when all is said and done the Negro cannot hope to be truly integrated into American society as it is now organized—not even with a shoehorn. Suppose he achieves the elementary decency of being able to cast a vote and go to a proper school. What will his vote and his schooling do for him? The Negro is at the bottom of the social pyramid, but that position is as unpleasant as it is chiefly because there are no good jobs going begging. For the time being, the nation as a whole is living on the instalment plan, and, even among the poor, outright starvation is rare. But unemployment is increasing, and when automation makes itself felt it will abolish not only the jobs of production workers but also the special function of the middle class—clerking and keeping accounts—for the machine can do that just as well as it can process molasses. The outlook for a broadening of the middle layer of society is therefore quite dim, while right now most of the many unemployed Negroes are directly competing for jobs that are being performed by *poor* white men. The prospects for meaningful integration, so far as I can see, are desperate.

Perhaps some sense that this is the case is behind the promises of violence that we are being treated to by spokesmen for the Negro movements and by outsiders too. The Negro leaders themselves are in the odd position of threatening the country with their inability to restrain the exacerbated passions of their followers, hoping both that the country will be suitably impressed and that no violence will in fact break out—for that would be the end of everything. The viewpoint of the citizen must be that for a man to have to contemplate murder merely to get his rights in what purports to be a free country, is intolerable. And that puts a very special responsibility on the country.

AGAIN and again, in the books we have been discussing, the statement is made that in the field of civil rights and integration, the initiative is now with the Negro. If by this it is meant that nothing whatever will happen unless the Negro agitates the question, that is undeniable. But if the suggestion is that the Negro can bring about his own enfranchisement with the resources at his disposal and no help from the rest of the nation, I am afraid that is military music—good for morale and good for nothing else. It is important to remember that the low status of the Negro is a *necessary* feature of the present structure of our society. The entire formidable machine is designed to produce the results that it has in fact produced, and it is mostly proof against threats and appeals of any kind, because mostly it has escaped the jurisdiction of men. To change that system, an enormous effort is required, one that the twenty million Negroes of the nation cannot furnish by themselves. That fact makes it tactically foolish as well as morally reprehensible to carry on the name-calling to which the white liberals are now being subjected. Psychologically, the Negro's impatience with his white allies is perfectly understandable: after all, the Negro is not engaged in a dialogue with the segregationist, but with the liberal; the lack of urgency that he thinks he detects in the latter drives him to fury, whereas, as any sensible man would, he has given up the segregationist long ago. Nevertheless, it would be wise for him to master his natural impatience and embrace his natural ally. The Negro and the white liberal need each other if they are to realize their common dream of democracy, which means, among other things, a country without administered poverty.

IN any case, only those who anticipate social upheaval as a result of the damage that automation will do to the position of the middle class can reasonably hope that a recasting of American society may be in the offing, one that will attempt to deal justly with all Americans. But the Negro leaders are not talking openly about any such prospect, and, naturally, neither of the two great political parties has betrayed any awareness of it. Business as usual will bring about the crisis, but business will be powerless to resolve it. The ultimate logic of civil rights and integration points to political, social, and economic changes of the most radical kind. It was not business but a political ideal that made us a great nation. We may have to leave business behind if we mean to be a great nation still. It is to be expected that the leaders of the Negro movement, courageous as they may be in most respects, are scared to death of being called Reds. They are going to be, anyhow, so they might as well prepare their reply: "No, just Blacks, and we want a better society."

*"Herman Melville would have loved this!"*



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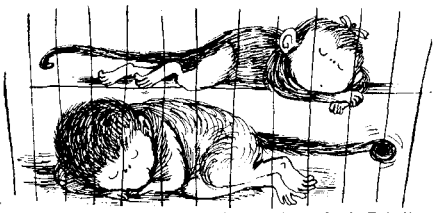

—From "A Monkey's Tale."

# Series and Sequels

By ALICE DALGLIESH

TWO or three correspondents have recently asked if there are any books in series that are good for children. The answer is yes, but selected ones are usually reviewed in these pages as individual books; few, if any, reviewers give a blanket endorsement to a series. This is the only way they can be reviewed in the comparatively small space given to children's books. There are now more than 125 series, with several books added every season to each one.

Series books sell on their own momentum. No one can brush aside the contribution made by the best of the First Books (Watts) to general information, of the best of the Landmark Books (Random House) to interest in history. The only difficulty is that a brand name sticks in the mind (as with soap and cereals), and, when it comes to books, children may follow one line to the exclusion of more varied reading.

When the Thornton Burgess series of anthropomorphic nature books were sweeping the country I happened to spend a summer with two children—a boy seven, a girl nine—who had been ill during the school year and had missed some of their school work. The Burgess books were, I found, our almost hourly companions. The children's weekly allowance was always spent on another Burgess book. I found it desirable to go along with the trend rather than fight it, and so at the work bench we made Reddy Fox and the others in plywood. The children played with these characters constantly, but we also managed (mostly during "school" hours) to get in a number of good books that didn't belong to the series. At this time Anne Carroll Moore was writing about the appeal of the *Mother West Wind Where Stories,* and in her book *My Roads to Childhood* (The Horn Book Inc.) one finds that she did not fight them.

Now we have many science series, many geography series, and others. While I've always felt that stories about other countries would do more service to the lower grades than factual books, and help American children to identify themselves with children abroad more successfully, there are books in series that supplement the not so detailed "social science" textbooks. Apparently this type of book sells better in series than as single books. There are several well-known series in this field: Lippincott's *The Land and People of New Zealand* and of more than forty other countries, Scribner's World Background series, Rand McNally's Cities of the World are examples—again to be considered as individual books. Macmillan, who had marked success with M. Sazek's large picture books about other countries, has just started a new series, Nations Today, for older boys and girls. I found *Cuba,* by Herbert L. Matthews, *Austria,* by Frank Graham, Jr., *Israel,* by Joan Comay and Moshe Pearlman, all interesting and attractive. Publishers of such books have to be willing to take chances, as they date so rapidly today. These books are read more as school assignments or used as reference books, but to those who love armchair travel they may also be "pleasure reading."

Sequels, and books in small groups, are different matters. Children in the middle-age group have long followed with pleasure the continued adventures of favorite characters through several books. It is the wise author who knows when to stop, and the wise reviewer who does not dismiss a sequel automatically as "not so good as the first book." Marguerite Henry could, I suppose, write indefinitely about Misty and her foal, but she is knowing enough to vary her subject matter. A number of books with adventures of favorite characters have been made into movies. *Brighty of Grand Canyon,* by Marguerite Henry (Rand McNally), is to be made on location; the Dr. Dolittle group is, I believe, being made into a movie; so is *Mary Poppins;* and all of these films, if successful, will lead readers back to the books. But some series or sequels following continued adventures of characters are cynical pieces of publishing—among them the Barbie books (Random House). This is not to say that they are not popular; they *are,* but their publisher has given us much better books.

---

**The Turtle and the Dove.** *Story and pictures by Don Freeman. Viking.* 42 *pp.* $2.50. Most children will enjoy this story of a dove—shown in graceful blue and black pictures—who lands on the back of a turtle, thinking it is an island. A true friendship ensues, and when the dove and the turtle land on a real island, they both find mates and bring up families. It is a pretty, imaginative book, which must be taken entirely as romantic fancy. However, I sometimes wonder how far we are going with animal picture books. This story ends with young doves swimming on young turtles' backs as the young turtles follow their parent. (Mother turtles are in fact not noticeably good parents; after the eggs are laid they cast off responsibility.) Ages 5-7.

**Peter the Wanderer.** *By Edward Ardizzone. Walck.* 48 *pp.* $3.50. This is a typical Ardizzone book, in which, in the English pattern, Peter, a boy of five or six, goes off alone and has the most amazing adventures with villains and such. What small boy would not wish to meet an old sailor and be given a golden key to a treasure box that the sailor never could find? Eventually, after overcoming difficulties, Peter finds the box and a magic stone in it which "lights the whole room" and which, the old sailor tells him, will always keep him happy, brave, and wise. What better ending to a fairy tale disguised as an adventure story could there be? The misty colors of the pictures add to the illusion. Ages 6-10. (6-9?)

**Shetland Ponies.** *Stories and photographs by Lilo Hess. Crowell.* 64 *pp.* $3.50. Children who like pony stories usually want reality, and this one is wholly real—including the birth (handled with delicacy) of two foals, a filly and a colt. The story is really told more by the expressive photographs, which show the affectionate relationship between Blaze (the filly) and her mother, than by the narrative.

I hope I never see a pony story in which Mother Shetland tucks Baby Shetland into a real bed to have happy dreams. It could happen, but it does not here. Ages 4-8.

**Mr. Twitmeyer and the Poodle.** *By Leone Adelson and Lilian Moore. Illustrated by Leonard Shortall. Random House. Easy-to-Read Library.* 84 *pp.* $1.95. It is among the easy-to-read books (not used here as a trade name) that one finds the kind of slapstick humor which is so popular with the younger grades. Now the dog catcher who reforms dogs is at it again: he first appeared in *The Terrible Mr. Twitmeyer* by the same authors. A recalcitrant poodle named Noodle, who gets into every kind of scrape, and Butterball, an old English sheepdog, are the central characters of this frolic. The ending is wholly satisfactory. No age level, this group collectively is aged 8-10.

**Clancy's Glorious Fourth.** *Written and illustrated by Jane Flory. Houghton Mifflin.* 192 *pp.* $3. Jane Flory writes sprightly and amusing books, so we'll allow her a slight



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over-attack of nostalgia and exaggeration in this one. Children will like it very much. Oh, yes, the old Fourths were "glorious," but they also left a trail of blinded and maimed children throughout the country until fireworks were regulated (as they are in this book). To win a town competition, rather small boys paint their grandmother's elaborate house (with cupola) bright pink to look like a wedding cake and, with the assistance of one adult, place wax candles on the various roof levels (the shingles were fireproof but the house "dripped with gingerbread"). It couldn't be done, and I don't believe it was. However, remembering a few stories I've written and been told, "It couldn't be so," let's ask Miss Flory! Ages 8-12. (8-11?)

**A Monkey's Tale.** *By Nathan Kravetz. Illustrated by Susan Perl. Little, Brown.* 60 *pp.* $2.75. This is such a hilarious and absurd little story that many children will love it. Sam, a monkey, rides a rocket on his own with the assistance of Sara, another monkey who (improbably) fiddles at the controls on the launching pad. Russian cosmonaut Ivan Konev starts off at the same time and, as they come down in the sea together (almost any child knows the Soviet cosmonauts come down on land), Sam rescues Ivan. There are parades in both Washington and London, and Susan Perl has given us a very funny picture in which "at a solemn ceremony Sam went with Ivan before the Prime Minister, who looked him over very thoroughly."

If I had space I'd use the whole of the incident; I wish Russian children could laugh with us over it. Ages 7-9.

**O Canada.** *By Isabel Barclay. Illustrated by Cecile Gagnon. Doubleday.* 96 *pp.* $3.25. The title refers, of course, to Canada's national anthem. Written and illustrated by Canadians, the book is evidently intended for use in Canada and the U.S. We need a history of Canada for younger children, and both text and pictures here are extremely simple: the pictures, primitive in their terse statements, are done in simple line without perspective, and in flat, bright colors.

Isabel Barclay, the author, is curator of prints and documents at the McCord Museum, McGill University. Reading through this brief history, children will easily note differences and similarities to our own history, as well as the need for understanding between the neighbors. Up to 10. (8-10?)

**Pets: An Illustrated Guide for Animal Lovers.** *Edited by C. B. Colby. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* 160 *pp.* $3.95. The beginner with animals and the classroom that has some pets will find this a useful little handbook; the photographs are particularly attractive. I question with regard to pigeons this advice: "Do not handle them unless you want to treat them when they are ill or place them in a basket." Isn't it a rather dubious practice for elementary-grade children to handle sick pigeons at all? Age level not given; it is not as "young" a book as the jacket suggests.

**Gaelic Ghosts.** *By Sorche Nic Leodhas. Illustrated by Nonny Hogrogian. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 112 *pp.* $3.50. What a storyteller this author is! "It has always been my firm conviction," she says, "that Scotland has a corner on ghosts." I disagree with the jacket flap that these stories tickle the sense of humor rather than chill the imagination. They do just enough of both—and who does not like occasionally to have the imagination chilled? The story of *The House That Lacked a Bogle* is wholly funny: when the house did get a "bogle" he couldn't play the bagpipes. Storytellers will like this group of tales for Hallowe'en, but it is good for any time of year. The woodcuts have enough humor and chills to match the stories. Ages 8-12.

**Made in Thailand: The Story of a Country's Arts and Crafts.** *Written and illustrated by Margaret Ayer, and with photographs. Knopf.* 242 *pp.* $3.95. The seventh book in an interesting series in which the arts and crafts of various countries are presented, *Made in Thailand* has an attractive format, with numerous drawings by the author and well-reproduced photographs. Almost everything one might wish to investigate about that small Asian country is here—customs, religion, literature, drama, home life, place in the modern world—along with a good bibliography and index.

Margaret Ayer lived in Thailand for many years and has recently revisited it. Older boys and girls.

**The Northmen.** *By Thomas Caldecott Chubb.* **The Romans.** *By Alfred Duggan. Illustrated by Richard M. Powers. World.* 126 *pp.* $3.50 *each.* Two volumes, interesting and individual, in the series known as Major Cultures of the World. Both authors deal with conquering peoples, both are frank about this—so keeping the readers' feet on the ground. Chubb says,". . . the Northmen could build as well as destroy, a feature of their civilization." Duggan sums up the Romans semi-humorously. "In general, the Romans enjoyed the sight of a plentiful flow of blood. . . . In any discussion of Roman manners we must make allowance for this positive liking for blood." It did not go out with the Romans. Ages 12 up.

—From "O Canada."

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# Criminal Record

**The Coin of Contraband.** *By Garland Roark. Doubleday,* $5.95. Gun running, dope running, liquor running pepper history of Al Scharff, for 43 years U.S. customs investigator on Mexican border (retired in 1960).

**The Union vs. Dr. Mudd.** *By Hal Higdon. Follett.* $5.95. Lively, straightforward account of the career of the Maryland physician who, in a memorable pre-dawn in 1865, set John Wilkes Booth's broken leg. Pertinent pix.

**In the Last Analysis.** *By Amanda Cross. Macmillan.* $3.95. N.Y. lady prof goes in for do-it-yourself detection when co-ed is stabbed to death on psychiatrist's couch. Breezy, literate, and vastly enjoyable despite a coincidence or two and assorted unlikelinesses. Come again soon, ma'am!

**The Grave-Maker's House.** *By Rubin Weber. Harper & Row.* $3.50. Pennsylvania-Dutch-country schoolmaster goes to bat when prominent citizen dies untimely. Excellent atmosphere and a thoroughly plausible plot distinguish this sound maiden effort.

**Kalahari Kill.** *By Samuel Dembo. Mill-Morrow.* $3.95. Search for ex-Nazi torturer takes British intelligence agent across Southwest African desert in this highly suspenseful tale. First-rate writing adds high plus-mark for author's first novel.

**Maigret's Dead Man.** *By Georges Simenon. Crime Club.* $3.50. Three telephoned appeals to ace Sûreté inspector are followed by discovery of corpse in Place de la Concorde, no less. Sharp, sensitive, A-1 performance all the way.

*"Gad! If there was ever a town that had no picturesqueness it's Williamsburg!"*

**Figure Away.** *By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. Norton.* $3.50. Fourth unit in hardcover reissue of prewar Asey Mayo favorites.

**The Scavengers.** *By Bill Knox. Crime Club.* $3.50. Marine biologist's death brings swift reaction from Scottish Fishery Protection Service; nuclear power involved. Excellent, realistic thriller, with fine seascapes.

**The Case of the Phantom Fortune.** *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $3.50. Tycoon's efforts to pluck wife from blackmailer's clutches trigger a murder, but Perry Mason and associates pull this one out of the fire in record time. In the groove.

**The Case of the Heavenly Twin.** *By Christopher Bush. Macmillan.* $3.95. Ludovic Travers, suave London eye, looks into matter of forged U.S. travelers' checks and winds up with a murder to solve. Pleasantly involved, as per tried and true formula.

**The Fiend.** *By Margaret Millar. Random House.* $3.95. Nine-year-old L.A.-area girl is center of attention in psychiatric study focusing on patient released in brother's care. Nine adult lives are involved in this taut tale of menace.

**The Devious Ones.** *By Frances and Richard Lockridge. Lippincott.* $3.50. New York secretary, neatly framed for murder of wealthy uncle, tries to convince hostile cops of her innocence, which is duly established, but not by them. Well-paced as usual.

**Funeral of Figaro.** *By Ellis Peters. Morrow.* $3.50. Off-stage knifing of world-renowned baritone during performance brings up Yard inspector handily seated in audience. Palatable fare for Mozart buffs.

**The Incongruous Spy.** *By John Le-Carré. Walker.* $5.95. Previously issued separately, these two yarns (*Call for the Dead* and *A Murder of Quality*) now appear as an omnibus.

**Mr. Holmes Goes to Ground.** *By Conrad Voss Bark. Macmillan.* $3.95. Hero of *Mr. Holmes at Sea* (this isn't Sherlock) makes welcome reappearance after five-year interval, this time in effort to frustrate desperate attempt to isolate England. Picks up speed effectively.

**Death's Foot Forward.** *By George B. Mair. Random House.* $3.95. David Grant, NATO security ace, accepts Kremlin anti-bacteria mission; beautiful ballerina a complication (and how!); corpses abound. Author sure knows his Moscow. —SERGEANT CUFF.



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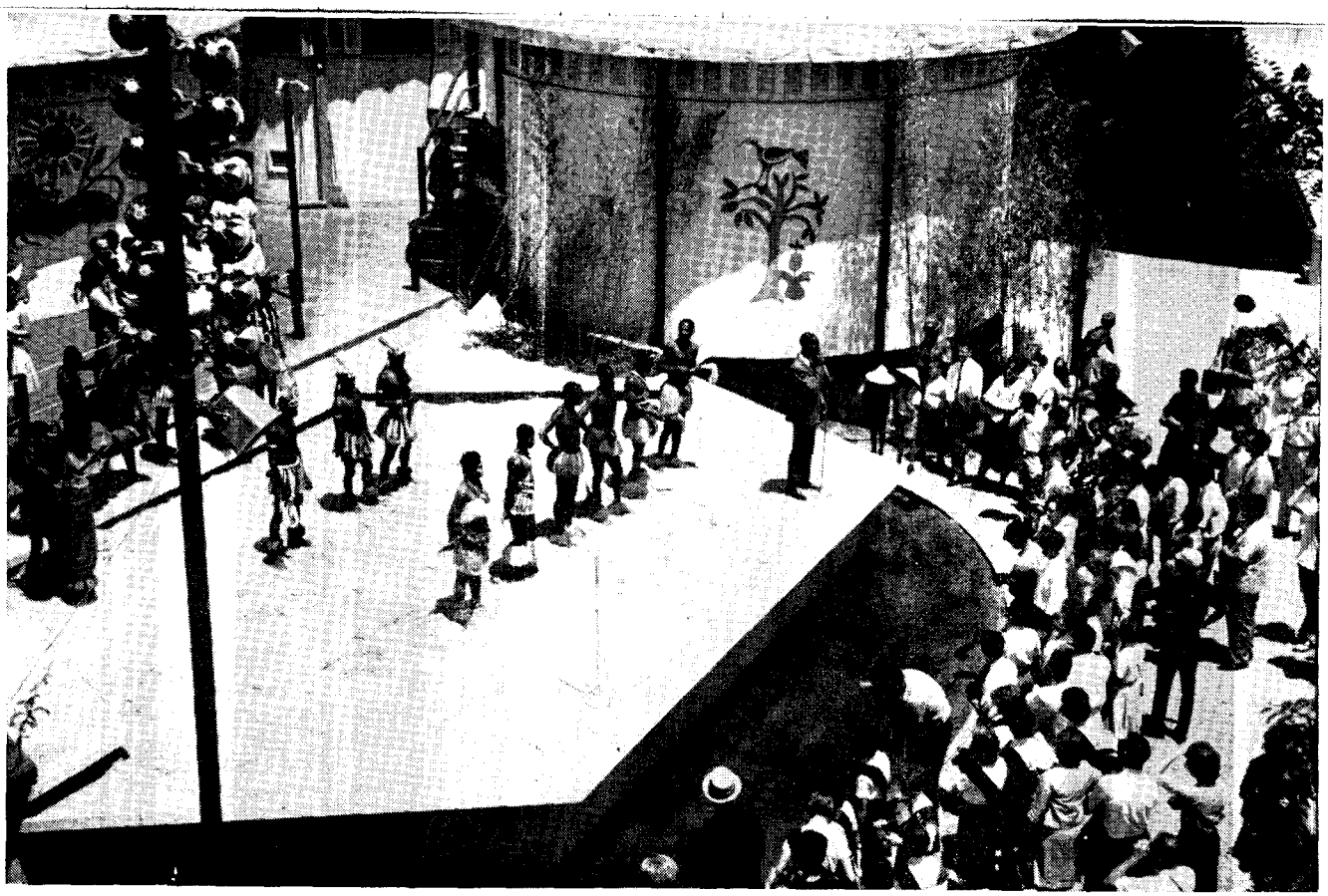

—*Allen Ira Lewis.*

**"At the African Pavilion . . . exciting choreography every hour on the hour."**

# AFRICAN DANCERS AT THE FAIR

By ROBERT FARRIS THOMPSON

We also have gospels—the drums
We who dance *Kalela*
God hates nobody
To Heaven we shall climb
—*Northern Rhodesian song.*

UNCLE TOM-TOMISM, or the bigoted assumption that African culture is intrinsically sexy, savage, and sinister, portrays the dances of Black Africa in terms of myths. The first myth envisions semi-naked "savages" leaping and hooting by firelight in celebration of unspeakable rites of sexuality. This Hollywood-abetted image ("What are they *saying*?" asks Deborah Kerr of White Hunter Stewart Granger while together they witness a supposedly erotic bit of "African" choreography in *King Solomon's Mines*) finds expression, sadly enough, even in well-intentioned writings on tropical Africa. But real African dances are not sex dances, although occasionally they may turn Rabelaisian for reasons of humor or social satire. Traditional Africans normally dance several feet apart from each other and regard our method of embracing while we dance as indecent.

Another myth imprints the common mind with a notion that "war dances" are important south of the Sahara, a misconception that probably tells more of the "civilized" white man's fascination with, and inability to avoid, warfare than it does of choreography. The war-dance myth would find apparent corroboration in two dances currently presented at the African Pavilion at the World's Fair (one Zulu, the other Burundi). In fact, something like Marte Moritor's description of Watusi dancing flashes in the mind of many Americans when they try to imagine what African dancing is like: "Eyes defiant, they rush forward as if carried by a single wave, wildly shouting, while stabbing an imagined foe, then drawing back and again leaping forth." How silly this might seem to, say, a Kanuri of Northern Nigeria, whose social dancing, elegant and precise as a minuet, has nothing to do whatsoever with martial intent.

Finally, the third cliché notion, beloved of certain American cartoonists, introduces the ferociously attired "witch doctor" (in paraphernalia stemming

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from Melanesia, if anywhere) who stamps and postures above an ailing patient lying prostrate on a mat. Light-years removed from this point of nonsense are actual African medicinal dances. On the mainland opposite the island of Zanzibar people used to dance a round implausibly called *pepo*, in which the patient himself, not the shaman, danced out a search for relief from neuritis and neuralgia with gay movement that resembled a simultaneous rendering of the shimmy and the samba. We in the West are only now beginning to explore the legitimate therapeutic properties of dancing, especially in the field of psychiatric disorder.

Hopefully, these Uncle Tom-Tomist stereotypes—sex, war, and ju-ju—will dissolve as an increasing number of sub-Saharan dances become known in the West as a natural consequence of the triumph of black nationalism. The Ballets Africains, which brought the good earth of the Republic of Guinea's folk dancing to the U.S.A. in the early Sixties, actually represented the merest indication of more to come, as one of the most choreographic continents on earth wakes up to its deepest cultural potential. At this writing no fewer than three pavilions at the World's Fair offer, or will offer, African dancing. At the African Pavilion, one can witness exciting choreographic episodes from the Ivory Coast, East Africa, and other places practically every hour on the hour.

IN tropical Africa the highest art form is the dance, comparable to the place of symphonic music or architecture in our own culture. Writing in the Twenties about the southern parts of Nigeria, ethnologist P. Amaury Talbot was emphatic indeed: "Amid the tribes of this region the dance may be taken as the chief method of portraying and giving vent to the emotions." Traditional Africans know this, of course, as evidenced by the amiable boast of the Kalela dancers. Although all signs point to the capital importance of the dance in Africa, mention of this esthetic activity is almost entirely omitted from no less an authority than the International African Institute's Ethnographic Survey. Why? "Perhaps because of the relative unimportance of dance in Western European culture," anthropologist James H. Howard admits candidly, "most ethnographers ignore the dance completely, as something beneath their consideration." Howard suggests that one ought to accord the dance at least the same importance as it is given by the people you study. By that criterion every working monograph on an African society ought, it seems to me, to indicate something about dancing.

Until Americans are exposed to frequent reports with critical focus on African choreography, Uncle Tom-Tom, with a leer on his face and a spear in his hand, is likely to play havoc with the intellectual issues the dancers of the Ivory Coast, Zululand, Burundi, Sierra Leone, and Guinea currently raise at the World's Fair. For the eye is notoriously subjective, and the Uncle Tom-Tomist sees only what he wants to see. This is so pervasive a problem that when one dance troupe came to the USA from Africa the press found nothing more substantial to report, essentially, than in which cities the girls were allowed to dance with bared bosoms and in what cities they were not. How urgent is the solution of this problem? Very. For the dancers of Africa are already at the World's Fair.

Uncle Tom-Tom not only downgrades authentic materials but grants wide latitude to African and Afro-Latin phonies as well. Thus at least one American Negro has donned Nigerian robes, memorized a few ethnic beats (mostly from Haiti) culled from LPs, and, chanting "*Africa!*" (with a short American *a*), beguiled teenage safaris by afternoon and adult safaris by night into believing they had just made contact (in a nightclub!) with base line African music. Then enter his dancers, throwing their respective pelvises in all directions, grunting and stamping, and posturing sexily (with a touch of "interpretive" via India!).

With these and other problems in mind I have attempted to write a brief sketch of some of the more salient aspects of African dance. One hopes that these suggested traits will serve as grains of sand around which the intelligent amateur of African dance can spin, at the Fair, the pearls of his own appreciation. Here they are:

1. *Apart Dancing:* "It is worth noting," reported Monsieur F. De Kersaint-Gilly in 1922, "that in Negro Africa man and woman never put their arms around each other while they dance as we do in France." This puts a finger upon the key characteristic of West African dance. Suppose we call this trait apart dancing, by which is meant that although two or more persons may dance facing or beside each other contact is rarely established and never prolonged. Observe, for example, the Ivory Coast traditional dance called *Digreba* at the Fair: a young female dancer, heavily painted with kaolin and splendidly attired in rattles, a necklace of large beads, loud yellow raffia "bra" and cloth skirt, dances among equally colorfully dressed young men, but they never form a couple. Each dancer remains a separate entity and acts for the most part independently of all others. A far cry indeed from the European embrace dance (part of our culture from the moment we learn the foxtrot), which seems to have evolved from the sixteenth century *Drehtanz* (turning dance) in central Europe.

Almost from the beginning this remote ancestor of the American teenagers' cheek-to-cheek stimulated the invectives of organized moral indignation. Thus Stubbes, in his *The Anatomie of the Abuses in Ailgna* (1583): "For what kissing and bussing, what smouching and slabbering one of another, what filthie groping and uncleane handling is not practiced in those dancings." By contrast, for what chaste distance, one from another, is not maintained in the Ivory Coast *Digreba* at the African Pavilion? The association of dance with sexual proclivity is a largely European problem. What dance bigots refuse to recognize is the impertinence of this preoccupation when applied to sub-Saharan dance tradition wherein man and woman, if they dance in the same company at all, always dance apart from one another.

WHEN we watch the Ivory Coasters and remember that three basic traits of couple dancing in the West are linked or embraced position, synchrony of movement, and limited body English, our eyes are primed to savor the complex implications of African apart dancing. The apart dancer, as it were, unlocks his arms from the European embrace and gives them back to the dance. His torso is equally liberated. This sets the stage for the second basic trait of tropical African dance.

2. *Total Body Movement:* When the Zulu male dancers perform at the Fair, at times all of the muscles of their bodies seem to be used; incessant, wavelike ripples activate their shoulder blades, arms, and backs. Even the Zulu women when seated in a dance vibrate their bodies from the waist up, amidst a rich mosaic of song, off-beat whistling, and a marvelous female vocal effect called *ukuyiyiza*, "to incite people to defend themselves or as a sign of happiness." Total body dancing is handsomely attendant in the Negro New World: one scholar finds that the whole body is used in Afro-Brazil, Courlander describes "gross, direct movements" in Haiti, and in the wittiest report of all, Marshall Stearns has portrayed one especially vibrant United States jazz dancer as a "one-man Laocoön."

Doubtless one of the most accessible repositories of this Africanism, which links, in spirit, not genetically, New York to Zululand, is Spanish Harlem mambo. Thus, in the early Sixties practically every Wednesday evening at the Palladium on Broadway one could observe Earl Lovell, a Brooklyn-born Negro, rattling his shoulders, waving



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arms bent at the elbow, shimmying his kicks, in short activating most of his body. This parceling out of dance rhythms to every part of the physical frame—so evident in the work of the female dancer of *Digreba* at the Fair—is the choreographic equivalent of the West African musical trait of dominance of percussion. There is a lot of percussion and several meters to get around in West African music (listen carefully to the musician on *filin gbe*, a giant drum from Bouafle country in the Ivory Coast at the Fair, and it will become clear he is playing a different time signature against the meter followed by his confrères on smaller drums). The body cannot absorb all these meters in the feet, as in the foxtrot, or even in the arms and legs as in the Highland Fling, but must interpret them through the head, shoulders, hip, and torso, too.

3. *Dances of Derision:* Clearly the dancing at the Fair is a mere sampling, and one element of African dancing that I sorely missed there was the dance of derision. Choreographic equivalents of the African song of allusion, a form of social control whereby a soloist or a group sings about the pretensions or misdemeanors of an individual to make him literally face the music and inspire him to behave or recognize his fallibility, are one of the most striking practices of tropical Africa. Kaigh calls them "dances of domestic oddities" and found them among the Zulu of South Africa:

> They dance after any event, white or black, which takes their fancy. I have seen danced imitations of myself and party too veracious to be flattered or even comfortable. After I had lost a steeplechase by being thrown from the horse, my boys danced the accident so faithfully that I came away a sadder, if not wiser clown. The boy who took the part of me was most embarrassingly accurate as to detail.

These "boys" had danced a sly dig at their white master, announcing in dance movement a sabotage of the myth of white supremacy.

Pride and pretension are as much a target of the West African (as well as South African Zulu) dancer as they are of the singer. One wishes the Zulu at the fair would dance a satire of some of the sunburnt tourists from darkest America who push and crowd about the dance pit at the African Pavilion and smirk at what they see. The colonial authorities of Northern Rhodesia were clearly aware of the purpose and force of the dance of derision, or so Chapter 120, Section 7, of the laws of that area, implies: "No person may organize or take part in any dance which is calculated to hold up to ridicule or to bring into contempt any person, religion, or duly constituted authority."

Dances of derision have been reported across the face of West Africa, from Mali, where they have been described as "satires in action," to the capital of the Nupe people in the northern region of Nigeria: "Now and then the young men will imitate with comic exaggeration a typical women's dance or caricature the walk and gestures of women." This specific tendency may well have given the jazz dance some of its special flavor. Thus Leadbelly, the famed Negro blues guitarist, was also "expert at country-style buck-and-wing clog dancing. In one number he would imitate the gait of all the women of Shreveport, high and low" (Pete Seeger). Whether dreamt up in Negro America or in Nigeria, these "satires in action" refer back to apart dancing as the key to understanding. It is well-nigh impossible to poke fun at your partner or her dance (by any means other than vocal) when you are tightly locked to her in Western embrace position. My friends at the African Pavilion tell me that they know several satiric dances and may incorporate one or two into their presentations before the fair is over.

4. *Posture:* One of the most frequent postures of West African dance is a matter of moving, according to Harold Courlander, with the feet flat on the ground, the knees bent, and the back swayed. The female dancer of *Digreba* at the Fair is an almost classic demonstration of this point when she bends her knees and dances about with fly-whisks in either hand. There are other postures in African dance, of course, but the bent-knees, swayed-back mode is certainly prevalent, at least on the Guinea Coast.

Thus an American, if he wants to look for substance instead of smut at the African, Sierra Leone, Guinea, and Sudan pavilions at the World's Fair can look for apart dancing, total body movement, dances of derision, and typical posture. All of the dances are apart dances and all activate the human frame in ways that demand great precision and wit. In the corporeal exploration of polyrhythmic music, with, as Professor Paul Bohannan tells us, the head moving in one rhythm, the shoulders in another, the arms in still a third, the torso in another, and the feet in still another, Africans have evolved one of the most remarkable art forms on earth.

—*Allen Ira Ludwig.*

***Digreba*—"she bends her knees and dances about with fly whisks in either hand."**

—*Allen Ira Ludwig.*

**Dances that "activate the human frame in ways that demand great precision and wit."**



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# Dutch Treat from Donemus

By OLIVER DANIEL

AMSTERDAMERS wandering about their canal-interlaced city are more familiar with the Jacob Obrechtstraat than with the music of the man for whom the street was named. Jacob Obrecht was born a mere 512 years ago—on November 22, 1452—and died of the pestilence in 1505. He was one of the significant men of his time.

Situated on the Obrechtstraat is the Donemus Foundation, which continues to release an excellent series of four recordings annually, accompanied by scores and program notes. The series is available in the United States through C. F. Peters Corporation, 373 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. 10016.

The most recently completed set of four recordings contains works of ten composers born between 1888 and 1926. Of the older composers, Matthijs Vermeulen is represented by a Sonata for Cello and Piano composed in 1918. Considering its date, it is a quite remarkable piece, for not only are there procedures that at moments evoke Debussy, but there is a great deal of quite original exploration of the composer's own. "Never have I felt the need of a system," he writes, and though his work sounds dated and has a tendency to ramble rather aimlessly, it is of sufficient interest to make one wonder what his symphonies and larger works may be like. He composed six between 1914 and 1958, as well as a substantial number of other musical works, and wrote some thoughtful dissertations on music and philosophy.

In the annals of Dutch music the Andriessen name has acquired considerable renown. Nicholas Hendrik Andriessen, born in 1845, was one of the first of the clan to distinguish himself. He had a brother, Cornelius, who like himself became an organist and composer. His two sons continue the tradition of distinguished music making. Willem Andriessen, born in 1887, became a popular pianist and composer as well as something of a national hero who was twice imprisoned during the Nazi occupation. The second son, Hendrik Andriessen, born in 1892, is organist in the acoustically excellent Church of St. Joseph in Harlem.

Hendrik first sketched his *Sonata da Chiesa* in 1927. At that time Dutch musical life seemed untroubled by the disturbing advent of atonality and the development of the Viennese school. The eclectic three-movement work evolves with no embarrassment about its esthetic progenitors, who are quite obviously Bach and César Franck. The concluding movement owes quite a bit to Bach's famous D-minor Toccata. Two inconsequential organ studies fill out the record, but more Franckian are two striking madrigals for chorus and orchestra that are included in an earlier series.

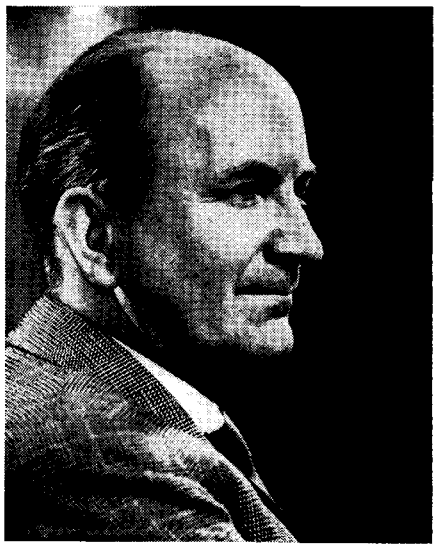
Carrying the family tradition still further, we have Hendrik's son, Jurriaan Andriessen, who was born in 1925 and is writing music of strong musical quality though certainly not in any radical vein. His unpretentious *Sonata da Camera* for flute, viola, and guitar has a charming neo-archaic quality. Its four movements are labeled *Preludio, Cavatina, Alla tedesca,* and *Epilogo.*

One of the best of the series is the disc containing a *Trio per orchestra d'archi* by Lex van Delden. Lex van Delden, born in Amsterdam in 1919, is not a particularly radical composer, but a warm and ingratiating one. His Trio for String Orchestra, beautifully played by Paul Hupperts and the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, has an interesting history. In 1954, having been approached by four pianists to compose works for them, van Delden completed one for each during the summer of that year. Three of the pieces were then arranged for strings, with a few bars of the missing fourth thrown in, and hence the title Trio. In this version for strings they seem to be entirely idiomatic. The aura of chaos, tangent to so much new music, is consolingly absent here, as it is in much other current Dutch music. Stylistically, van Delden's work may suggest the more familiar music of Frank Martin, as well as the lesser known music of one of the most overlooked of recent composers, the late Nicolai Berezowsky. Tonal, pungently dissonant, and slightly melancholy, the Trio of van Delden is a moving piece that bears repetition.

Coupled with it is a full-bodied symphonic work called *Ombres* by Ton de Leeuw. (His name is devastatingly like one that appears in that old staple of summer stock. You may remember *White Cargo* in the movie version, with Hedy Lamarr playing the ever-sexy, pseudo-primitive Tondeleyo. Of this similarity his parents were probably blissfully unaware when they called him Ton de Leeuw.) But mark his name, for he is, on the basis of that relatively brief symphonic work, a composer of importance. Beautifully wrought, *Ombres* was written in 1961 after the composer had spent several months in India. While he confessed to having been deeply influenced by contact with the Orient, his work differs strongly from compositions by Cowell, Hovhaness, and Harrison, who seem to have gone native more thoroughly than de Leeuw. In the latter's work, serial techniques assume importance equal to Orientalism. This seems to be entirely logical for one who was born in 1926 and was a student of Henk Badings and Messiaen.

In the preface to his score, de Leeuw writes:

> The movements in the music are here perhaps comparable with the mysterious forces of nature which are kept in



**Badings—"solid, conventional . . . a significant composer."**

**Van Otterloo—"brilliant sound but not much musical interest."**



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equilibrium, and her strangely complex world of forms, the regularities of which can be approached only via the paths of human intuition. . . . The main point becomes abandonment, not an act of the will, but this in no way excludes a personal manner of writing. This conception is at variance with that of most of the music performed in European concert-halls. On the other hand, it is the determining feature in the most important musical cultures outside Europe. It is then also no coincidence that apart from a choice from serial means certain aspects of musical technique from India play an important part in the work.

It is a refreshing contrast to the computer approach.

The third disc in this Donemus series presents two composers of the same age. Both were born in 1907, half a world apart—Henk Badings in Java and Willem van Otterloo in Holland. Although Badings has taken a slight fling in electronic music, his work is solid and conventional. No Javanese influence intrudes. His Symphony No. 8, in three movements, is a well-constructed piece. Its originality, however, is not enough to make it a really compelling work. Nevertheless, Badings is a significant composer. Willem van Otterloo's Symphonietta for Wind Instruments, written in 1943, is probably more intriguing to the performers than it is to the listener. It is written for sixteen wind instruments—twelve woodwinds and four horns. It is at times brilliant in sound but is not of much musical interest.

The final disc, which contains music for carillon, is a real treat. The Dutch have long been interested in the art of the carillon. Their bells have adorned cathedral and church towers since the Middle Ages. One of the newest is a four-octave carillon erected in 1959 in the water tower of the new town of Emmelvoord, built on land reclaimed from the Zuider Zee. The mechanism allows considerable freedom and the bells have a wonderful ringing sound. They are devastatingly out of tune and, for anyone with an aural palate that can appreciate the piquancy of these Poe-happy tintinnabulations, they are a delight.

The music by Wouter Paap, Willem Pijper, and Wim Franken is a rather insignificant excuse to make a joyful noise. If one cannot play it at full volume it is no great loss, for the resonance is sufficient to give the illusion of both size and vast space in which to ring out. And, even at a discreet room level, it is the best dang-bang clanging wingding of bell sounds since Edgar Allan heard the chiming in his belfry.

***Coming August 29***
**SR's 40th Anniversary Issue**

# "Trial" and "Utopia"

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: *"Trial by Jury" (complete) and excerpts from "Utopia Ltd." Ann Hood, Jean Allister, Thomas Round, John Reed, Kenneth Sandford, Donald Adams, and Anthony Raffell, with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Chorus and the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House conducted by Isidore Godfrey.* London A 4155, $4.98; stereo OSA 115, $5.98.

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN: *"Utopia Ltd." (complete). The Lyric Theater Company under the musical direction of John Landis.* Three-record set, mono only, available from Lyric Theater Company,3029 North Fourth Street, Arlington, Virginia 22201, $11.75.

"Recorded under the direction of Bridget D'Oyly Carte," proclaims the liner of the new London set, as if the "magic" name would ensure an authentic, traditional product. It doesn't.

In the first place, there is a small deception. The cast chosen for *Trial by Jury* hardly represents what one could expect to hear from the D'Oyly Carte company these days. Tradition has it that *Trial*, being only a curtain-raiser, should serve as a vehicle for the company's second-string performers. It is usually sung by younger and/or less well-known artists than those used in the rest of the repertory. The recording, however, enlists most of the present D'Oyly Carte stars; surprisingly, they prove less adept at this specialty than the completely different cast performing it regularly in London and on tour.

John Reed, the current heir to the Grossmith roles, gives the definite impression of "slumming it" as the Judge. Lacking is the crispness and bravado of Jeffrey Skitch, his counterpart in the stage cast. Instead, Reed chooses to make the Judge a semi-clown who constantly laughs at himself. This is all very well, but it inhibits the listener's urge to laugh at or with him. Donald Adams, the company's best haughty baritone for such roles as the Mikado or the Pirate King, is a superb stylist, but his discomfort in the basso-profundo dips of the Usher shows why he sings this role so seldom. Conversely, the talents of Kenneth Sandford, the current basso-profundo specialist, seem wasted as the Counsel for the Plaintiff.

Another of London's departures from authenticity involves the use of the Covent Garden orchestra. But since it plays far better for the indomitable Isidore Godfrey than the D'Oyly Carte's own instrumentalists usually do, there is no cause for complaint.

There is cause for complaint, however, in the stingy sampling of excerpts from *Utopia Ltd.* on the last side. Admittedly, *Utopia* is one of the less fruitful of the G&S collaborations. It is long-winded, hopelessly involved, a bit too arch, overburdened with dialogue, and somewhat repetitive musically. Nevertheless, it has charm of its own, abounds in delightful "in" jokes, and comes forth with several isolated moments of sheer inspiration. Certainly it deserves the occasional light that can be shed only by a full-fledged professional production.

It is paradoxical, therefore, that *Utopia* has been neglected by D'Oyly Carte ever since its premiere in 1893. Probably the only professional mounting of *Utopia* in our century was the recent one given in New York by the American Savoyards under Dorothy Raedler.

The Lyric Theater of Washington, D.C., which has given *Utopia* its one and only complete recording, deserves the praise of all those ardent Savoyards grateful to hear the work in any form. No one could pretend that their amateur performance is stylish or even smooth. But at least it *is* a performance. It will suffice until London and the D'Oyly Carte (or Angel with its G&S company) prove a bit more daring.

The excerpts ventured by D'Oyly Carte at this time give us an inkling of how the score could and should sound. Best of the five is "A tenor, all singers above," in which the singer bemoans the corrosive effect of love on his voice. Muffing cadenzas and cracking on a high C, he complains: "You can't do chromatics/ with proper emphatics/ When anguish your bosom is wringing!" Thomas Round, who sings very well in *Trial by Jury*, makes the most of this unique legitimate excuse to sing badly.

Two final questions for London: Just why was it "only possible to include excerpts," as the notes apologetically claim? And if no larger project was considered, why go to the trouble of hiring contralto Jean Allister—who is not even on the D'Oyly Carte roster—to sing Lady Sophy? She has nothing whatever to do here but participate in a single chorus number.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.



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# Recordings in Review

**Haitink—"a special feeling for the lyric line."**

## Mahler from Amsterdam

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 1 in D. Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra conducted by Bernard Haitink.* Philips PHM 500017, $4.98; stereo RHS 900017, $5.98.

All sorts of circumstances are invoked to make this issue something special—the seventy-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, in the same year (1888) as the composition of the symphony, and the composer's participation as conductor of the first performance in Holland fifteen years later. What makes the performance truly special, however, is the evidence it provides that, in Bernard Haitink, the Concertgebouw Orchestra has a conductor who promises to promote and perpetuate the special feeling for Mahler that has characterized such past conductors of the Concertgebouw as Willem Mengelberg and Eduard van Beinum, and Haitink's current associate, Eugen Jochum.

As befits his age (thirty-five) and background, however, Haitink's exposition of this work is in a mood and a manner of its own—not quite so proclamative as some of recent phonographic prominence, with a special feeling for the lyric line and melodic undercurrent that give the work its particular place in the repertory. As feeling for lyric line is a trait that tends to be in short supply among conductors of Haitink's chronological bracket its strong presence here is a happy augury for his future.

Of equal promise for the future of the orchestra is the evidence of a strong affinity between its leader and players, demonstrated by a sound that is a little leaner, not quite so rounded in contours as that which was preferred by van Beinum. Either, of course, can be molded to artistic results by a conductor of conviction and sufficient musicianship. All it means is that in addition to conviction and musicianship, Haitink shows signs of having a musical personality of his own. The recording is a credit to the Philips engineers.

## Oistrakh on Stravinsky

STRAVINSKY: *Concerto in D.* MOZART: *Concerto in B flat* (K.207). *David Oistrakh, violin, with Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Bernard Haitink.* Philips PHM 500050, $4.98; stereo PHS 900050, $5.98.

The combination of Stravinsky and Mozart, though rare, is doubtless not unprecedented (after some 25,000 LPs have been issued, it is hard to imagine what might be). What is unique, so far as I can recollect, is the instrumentality that connects them, that being the instrumental artistry of Russia's David Oistrakh.

As the USSR has been host to the composer himself, it is reasonable to assume that his music is now equally *persona grata.* Certainly Oistrakh's vigorous, probing, and sometimes even introspective performance argues a long and close acquaintance with the values of a work that is not precisely of the virtuoso literature Oistrakh is inclined to favor. However, as his fine performance on London of the Hindemith concerto (with the composer conducting) suggested, there are few works of the total repertory for his instrument of which he does not have an assured command.

So far as the style of the performance is concerned, it does more for Stravinsky's slow movements—perhaps because they are modeled on the aria kind of cantilena for which Oistrakh has such pronounced affinity—than for the fast ones. In the latter it strikes me that there is a little too much projection of a virtuoso "personality" through vibrati, heavy accentuations, and a tone that is more than a little overripe for the composer's purpose. In addition, the orchestra lacks the salience that the composer imparts to it in his version with Isaac Stern (Columbia MS 6331) so that it is less a work for orchestra and violin than a work for violin with orchestra.

By an odd circumstance, the seldom performed B flat concerto of Mozart (his first) was most recently reviewed here in a Stern performance (with Szell) also. The area of preference between one and the other in this instance is much more restricted. Both are violinistically irreproachable, but Oistrakh's muscular attack is better suited to a weightier opponent than Mozart.

## G. Lieberson's Musical Wit

MOZART: *Variations on "Ah! vous dirais-je, Maman."* MENDELSSOHN: *Six Children's Pieces, op. 72.* MOUSSORGSKY: *"A Child's Joke," "Intermezzo."* LIEBERSON: *"Five Songs without Mendelssohn," "Six Technical Studies," "Eight Studies in Musicology."* André Previn, piano. Columbia ML 5986, $4.98; stereo MS 6586, $5.98.

Occupying a prominent place in the office of Columbia record executive Goddard Lieberson is a photo of the late Charles Ives, suitably inscribed. Whether this is more than a memento of a cordial relationship, I have never inquired. But it may, as well, be a reminder that art and commerce are not necessarily mutually exclusive.

Certainly in these pieces collectively described as *Piano Pieces for Advanced Children or Retarded Adults,* Lieberson has exercised a musical wit that is both dry and saturating, fresh without being impertinent. Their quality is suggested by the groupings under "Five Songs without Mendelssohn," "Six Technical Studies (which will teach you nothing)," and "Eight Studies in Musicology (which will teach you a great deal)." In addition to making fun, Lieberson has made music—which is something more difficult. To say that now they suggest Satie, and again Poulenc, is simply to recall that this is a kind of expression with a past as well as a future.

This side is, on the whole, the better performed by Previn, perhaps because



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he has had the benefit of the composer's counsel and example—which was, unfortunately, not available in the case of Mozart, Mendelssohn, or Moussorgsky. In the Mozart variations, Previn is a little brusquely abrupt, in the Mendelssohn definitely *affettuoso*, suggesting that he is not really at home in the style of either. The Moussorgsky *morceaux* come off well. It is stretching a point to suggest, as the title of this album does, that these are "Piano Pieces for Children," because one must be, in Lieberson's phrase, at least a "retarded adult" to savor their qualities. But for all of those—and who isn't?—it may be recommended with confidence.

## The Art of Branzell

GLUCK: *"Ach ich habe sie verloren" (Orpheus).* MEYERBEER: *"Segensarie,"* and *"Donnez, donnez" (Prophète).* THOMAS: *"Connais-tu le pays?" (Mignon).* SAINT SAENS: *"Sieh mein Herz," "Printemps qui commence,"* and *"Amour viens aider" (Samson et Dalila).* PURCELL: *"When I am laid in earth" (Dido).* DONIZETTI: *"O mio Fernando" (Favorita).* VERDI: *"Condotta ell'era" (Trovatore).* PONCHIELLI: *"Voce di donna" (Gioconda).* WAGNER: *"Weiche, Wotan, weiche" (Rheingold).* PETERSON-BERGER: *Aspakerspolska.* KJERULF: *Synnöves Sang.* BACH-GOUNOD: *Ave Maria. Karin Branzell, mezzo-soprano.* Rococo No. 5214, $5.97, mono only.

Karin Branzell's memorable career at the Metropolitan (from 1924 to 1944) unfortunately predated the era when complete recordings of opera were the ordinary events that they have become recently. Moreover at the time of her greatest prominence in this country, recordings of her repertory were at best sporadic, so that most of the material collected on this disc comes from European sources, with the inevitable anomaly of German texts for excerpts from operas by Saint-Saëns, as well as Meyerbeer and Gluck. There were, if memory is correct, samplings of her art in the Brunswick Gold Label series, but they do not appear to be represented on this disc.

As the single example of Mme. Branzell's powers as a Wagnerian mezzo is limited to "Weiche, Wotan," the emphasis here tends to be on the intimate side of her lovely art—completely feminine and never in any circumstance strident, least of all vulgar—rather than on her major abilities as a Brangäene, Fricka, even a Brünnhilde (she sang this part in *Die Walküre* a few weeks after her Metropolitan debut as Fricka). Fortunately, the *Rheingold* excerpt is a better likeness of her voice than anything else this record offers (a memento of a broadcast, perhaps?). It describes, in detail, the full flowing abundance of her sound, its evenness of color as well as quality from bottom to top.

As a professor of the art she so long practiced (Mignon Dunn is the best-known example of her competence as a teacher), Mme. Branzell can use this disc as a model of how to enunciate not only the usual operatic languages—German, French, and Italian—but English and Swedish as well. The textual sound is always a part of the musical formation, so that neither has to be sacrificed on behalf of the other. For those who admired Mme. Branzell's Azucena and Amneris, her Magdalene and Ortrud, as well as her Erda and Dalila, this disc will only be a limited suggestion of the fine singer she was. But every promise it contains was fulfilled in her performances.

## Szigeti's Beethoven No. 3

BEETHOVEN: *Concerto in D, Joseph Szigeti, violin, with the London Symphony conducted by Antal Dorati.* Mercury 50358, $4.98; stereo SR 90358, $5.98.

To fulfill completely the implication of the heading above, the work above should be described as in C minor, Opus 37. However, rather than being the third in Beethoven's sequence of piano concerti, it is the third in Szigeti's sequence of recordings of Beethoven's only violin concerto. Among the others were two conducted by the late Bruno Walter.

In spirit this performance is very much the same as it has been in all its prior recordings, and indeed in every public performance locally since the first in which Szigeti made his American debut, in 1928. But to say this is to say about as much as there is to be said on its behalf. It is far from what it once was in accuracy and tonal control, with the result that listening to it totals more pain than pleasure. To be sure, the flaws of intonation are no more than miniscule, but they occur so frequently—especially in the slow movement and finale—as to be a constant factor, either in presence, in retrospect or anticipation. Whether for reasons of his own or because of the soloist's preference, Dorati's treatment of the orchestral score is closer to ponderous than merely weighty, a further burden on the soloist's tone production.

However, there is and will be a continuing interest in this issue, for it offers —for the first time on record, so far as can be determined—a cadenza by Ferruccio Busoni for the first movement. It is typically distinctive in thought content and surprisingly violinistic, considering the composer's pianistic orientation. However, the annotator's reference to Busoni's departure "from cadenza decorum" in utilizing timpani and double bass before the resumption of the tutti should include the information that Beethoven himself used timpani in his cadenza for the version of the first movement with solo piano. Very fine recorded sound.

## Music of Shakespeare's Time

MORLEY: *"It was a lover and his lass," "What saith my dainty darling";* BYRD: *Browning, "Susanna fair sometime assaulted was";* DOWLAND: *"Gryffith Galliard," "Sorrow stay," "Queen Elizabeth's Galliard";* WEELKES: *"When David heard that Absalom was slain";* EAST: *"When Israel came out of Egypt";* PEERSON: *"Blow out the trumpet";* HUME: *"Life and Death" (Gailliard);* BARTLETT: *"Whither runneth my sweetheart";* WILBYE: *"Fantasia." New York Pro Musica, Noah Greenberg conducting, with James Tyler, lute, guest artist.* Decca DL 9241, $4.98; stereo DL 79421, $5.98.

This record is exactly what it says it is, though far from what it seems to be. This confusion is induced by the prominence of the title *It was a lover and his lass* with the subtitle *Music of Shakespeare's Time,* and also the appearance of the famous setting by Morley of the lines used in *As You Like It* as the first item of the collection. This, however, is the only instance of something in one of the plays being included in the collection. The rest is, as the subtitle says, music of Shakespeare's time.

As such, it has its share of interest for those who might like to close their eyes, lean back, and remember some such lines as "For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews/Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones" *(Two Gentlemen of Verona),* or "How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!/Here will we sit and let the sound of music creep in our ears" *(Merchant of Venice),* in terms of music known to Shakespeare. But this does not differentiate it from any other collection of music of the period.

What does distinguish it is the care and perception of Greenberg's direction and the excellent abilities of the people he has chosen to carry it out. I don't know any more than the next listener what the "true traditions" of performance in Shakespeare's time were, but Greenberg's have the virtue of seeming appropriate and there is always a breath of life, a sensible relation of means to purpose. Contributors to this end include Sheila Schonbrun, Elizabeth Humes, sopranos; Earnest Murphy, countertenor; Ray DeVoll, tenor; Arthur Burrows, baritone; and Brayton Lewis, bass. —IRVING KOLODIN.


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# RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Arensky: *Variations on a Theme of Tchaikovsky*. Borodin: *Prince Igor* (Overture and March). Liadov: *Baba-Yaga, The Enchanted Lake, Kikimora*. Glière: *Russian Sailors' Dance*. Khatchaturian: *Armenian Dances*. Shostakovitch: *Age of Gold* (Polka). Antal Dorati conducting the Philharmonia Hungarica (Arensky) and the London Symphony (Borodin); Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman Philharmonic (Liadov); Frederick Fennell conducting the Eastman Wind Ensemble (Khatchaturian) and Eastman-Rochester "Pops" Orchestra (Shostakovitch). Mercury 50346, $4.98; stereo SR 90346, $5.98. | Despite the variety of talents and performing groups called upon in this collation of items, the interest of the contents is consistent and sustained, thanks to the quality of the repertory. In the case of the Liadov and Arensky particularly, it is not likely to be duplicated in recordings of equal quality for some time. The recording is not of the latest vogue (Fennell has been in and out of a position in Minneapolis since his recordings were made in Rochester), but the techniques were excellent to begin with and the results still sound well. |
| Boccherini: Sinfonia Concertante in C; Sinfonia in D minor (*La Casa del Diavolo*). Umberto Cattini conducting the Orchestre de L'Angelicum de Milan. Vox PL 14.130, $4.98; stereo STPL 514.130, $4.98. | If these works are indeed by Boccherini (and the sources are described as manuscript parts), they belong to the category of *curiosa*. The first—attributed by annotator William B. Ober to 1799—is full of bits of Mozartean phraseology (including one tune that always threatens to turn into "Il mio tesoro"), while the second—for which no date is offered—concludes with a movement of which Ober says: "One hears echoed the chromatic scales from Gluck's 'Dance of the Furies' in *Orpheus*. . . ." This is acute enough as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough, as the total scheme not merely echoes but mirrors Gluck. Both works are capably played (the guitar obbligato in the first lacks attribution on the sleeve), and Cattini attains a considerable momentum in the Gluck movement. Highly satisfactory reproduction. |
| Glazounov: *Raymonda*. Y. Svetlanov conducting the Bolshoi Orchestra. MK 220-C, $17.94, mono only. | Those who wish to prepare themselves for the forthcoming full-length presentations of this ballet for the first time in this country have the opportunity here to do so, even though the performance emanates from Moscow rather than Leningrad (whose Kirov Ballet will include it on next fall's tour). Everybody knows the famous *Raymonda* waltz, and it is famously accounted for here. Nothing else in the score quite matches this high spot, but Glazounov came as close to the Tchaikovsky standard as anybody who possessed all but the older man's genius and originality could. Thus, if it always is on the verge of being great and generally settles for being merely agreeable, it is agreeable at considerable length. The recording is far from new—it is listed in the first edition of Clough-Cumming—but bears its years more creditably than most USSR recordings. Svetlanov is a master of this genre, and the orchestra is not only willing but able. |
| Lully: *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* (suite). Rameau: *Les Indes Galantes* (suite). Günther Kehr conducting the Mainzer Kammerorchestra. Vox DL 1070, $4.98; stereo STDL 501.070, $4.98. | The reasonable expectation of finding, in this collection of excerpts, the original form of the "celebrated menuet" utilized by Richard Strauss in his treatment of the Molière subject is unfortunately frustrated. Two menuets are included, but they are unsuggestive of such an association, or else Strauss's adaptation was so distant as to defy detection. Thus one is reduced to mere enjoyment of Lully's broadly conceived, delicately worked-out inventions, somewhat disserved by the conductor's sober manner. It is, on the whole, more suitable for the Rameau, though here, too, a more active sense of fantasy and an enlivening touch of spirit would be welcome. |
| Mozart: Concertos in D (No. 16, K. 451) and A (No. 23, K. 488). Geza Anda, pianist and conductor, with the orchestra of the Salzburg Mozarteum. Deutsche Grammophon 18870, $5.98; stereo 138870, $6.98. | The aptitude that Anda showed in the early issues of this series has now blossomed into something like total command of the problems inherent in matching a soloist's feeling for the instrumental line of a Mozart concerto with the conductor's responsibility for embracing justice. Here and there the soloist still has the upper hand, but infrequently and mostly inoffensively (movement-ending tuttis could be a little less perfunctory). Taken together, Anda makes as delightful an experience of the infrequently played D major as he does of the better known A major, for which he is entitled to an oak leaf cluster for his DMSM (Distinguished Mozart Service Medal). Authorship of the cadenzas is unattributed. |
| Mozart: Concerto in C (K. 299). Telemann: Suite in A minor. Yehudi Menuhin conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra, with Elaine Shaffer, flute, and (in the Mozart concerto) Marilyn Costello, harp. Angel 36189, $4.98; stereo S-36189, $5.98. | For reasons that are immune to immediate analysis, Menuhin applies his musicianly skills with more success in the direction of Telemann than he does to Mozart. The former has impressive gravity and breadth of statement to match its prevailing character—which has much kinship with the B minor concerto of Bach with solo flute—but the Mozart moves a little deliberately and awkwardly (by the measure, say, of the well-remembered version by Beecham with René Le Roy and Lily Laskine) for total justice. Miss Schaffer's playing in both is beyond reproach, and Miss Costello matches her standard well in the Mozart. The pairing reproduces the combination on Bach Society No. 5048, in which Antonio Janigro is the conductor and Julius Baker the flutist. In this competition, the Janigro-directed performances are preferable for greater mobility and spirit. Excellent sound. |
| Schuman: *New England Triptych*. Mennin: Symphony No. 5. Griffes: Poem for Flute and Orchestra. Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, with Joseph Mariano, flute. Mercury 50379, $4.98; stereo SR 90379, $5.98. | None of these is new to discs, but the quality of reproduction is substantially superior to any predecessor version. In addition, the three items make a neat fit on a disc and thus merit recommendation for thoughtful programing. What is somewhat less persuasive is the intercession of Hanson, especially in the Schuman. The opportunities for proclamative periods that are provided by the orchestra scoring are converted into something a little more demonstrative than, it seems to me, was the composer's intention. In other words, it comes out sounding more like what Hanson might have written had he been taken by this idea than what Schuman actually did write. The Mennin treatment is on the whole more consistent with the character of the music, though the finale tends to a kind of more blatant Shostakovitch sound than it has on some other occasions. |
| Turina: *Danzas fantasticas*. Falla: *El Amor brujo* ("Danza ritual del fuego"); *La Vida breve* (Danza No. 1). Albeniz: *Iberia* ("Evocación," "El Corpus en Sevilla," and "Triana," all arranged by Arbós). Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting the orchestra of the Conservatory, Paris. Angel 36195, $4.98; stereo S-36195, $5.98. | This may be described as the Spanish repertory that is also well performed by non-Spaniards, and hence might be left to those not capable of dealing with problems more local in nature. Indeed, they have been done better by the man that Frühbeck is being groomed to replace—the late, lamented Argenta. These are, on the whole, pleasant enough performances, but not distinguished by a sufficiently strong infusion of *elixir d'España* to make the most of the opportunities they present. Good average recorded quality. —Irving Kolodin. |



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# Chicago, Chicago...

"BORN in New Orleans, reared in Chicago, died in New York." Perhaps that is how a capsule history of jazz will begin in the year 2000, for the undertakers are ready in New York now and impatient.

New Orleans, of course, offers marvelous scope for romantic writers about jazz, because there are so few records to prove them wrong. Indeed, most of the records regarded as representative of that city's jazz tradition were made by its best musicians anywhere but in New Orleans. And considering how fast the music changed in the 1920s, it is possible that it changed equally rapidly in the previous decade, which makes the unrecorded 1910s the ideal time for jazz mythology. What is sure, however, is that for a period during the 1920s—the Jazz Age of the novelists—Chicago was the jazz capital.

The impact of the musicians from New Orleans on Chicago's music was enormous, but so was the impact of Chicago on the musicians. Even today, it is educative to tour the South Side with such a guide as John Steiner, who has written the knowledgeable notes to Columbia's three-record set, *Jazz Odyssey, Vol. II: The Sound of Chicago, 1923-1940* (C3L-32). The sites of the famous clubs, dancehalls, and theaters of jazz story are scattered over an area far greater than that of Harlem. It was then full of Negroes who had migrated North during and after World War I to new and diverse opportunities. Musicians came not only from New Orleans, for soon such as Earl Hines from Pittsburgh, Bix Beiderbecke from Davenport, and Lil Hardin from Memphis were also very influentially involved in its energetic jazz scene.

With its recordings by King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Jimmie Noone, and the Chicago Footwarmers, the New Columbia set partly overlaps the field of its predecessor, *The Sound of New Orleans, 1917-1947* (C3L-30). It presents a broad sampling of the different forms adopted in one city during an important stage in jazz development, so far as the material available to the record company permits. More than a collection of "best" records, musical landmarks, and collector's items—it contains all three—this is a survey that perpetuates a time, a place, and a spirit.

The paramount individual influence in Chicago jazz was unquestionably that of Louis Armstrong, yet there was, as there always has been, a warm, expansive geniality in his playing that seemed either to elude or be neglected by most of his numerous followers. It may have been something to do with the climate, as compared with that of New Orleans, but nearly all the Chicago translations emphasized the attack and rhythmic potential of his music. Leaner, harder, more incisive, and less magnanimous than the original, they reflected conditions in the hectic years of Prohibition, gangsters, and depression.

—*Duncan Schiedt.*

**Frank Teschemacher (standing) with Jess Stacy (left) and George Wettling in Chicago, 1928.**

How Frank Teschemacher would have developed had he lived one can only guess, but there is an almost desperate urgency in his clarinet solos that time does not diminish, and this urgency is echoed, curiously enough, in the trumpet playing of Roy Eldridge ten years later. Yet it is Earl Hines, the pianist-associate of Armstrong, who sums up most concisely and pointedly the whole ethos of the Chicago jazz life.

Hines is famous for his "trumpet style," his adaptation of Armstrong's phraseology, but this achievement has tended to overshadow his own contribution and innovations. He had a personal imagination and a feeling for time that enabled him to create and resolve fascinating rhythmic plots unerringly. The suspended rhythms and implications of his left hand also brought about a break with the tradition of the regular bass inherited from march and ragtime. At its most complex, his music was always dynamically alive and swinging, and his every entry had a dramatic quality that simultaneously suggested power and relaxation. In a short time he was as widely imitated by pianists—Jess Stacy and Horace Henderson are examples—as Armstrong was by trumpet players.

Besides his immortal solo, "My Monday Date," he is heard here on two tracks with Armstrong and on two with his own band. The last were made in 1932, early in his twenty-year career as a leader of big bands, and they are not of the quality of his 1939-42 recordings (which it is hoped Victor will soon reissue), but they have the impetuous, foot-stamping drive of an era that was the reverse of sedate.

The first two sides of the set are largely devoted to the men from New Orleans in Chicago. On the rare "That Creole Band" by Al Wynn, the trumpet is played by Dolly Jones, one of the first women instrumentalists to command widespread professional respect. In technique and taste she was clearly superior to most of her male competitors. The third side is by the group of young white musicians whose nucleus was the Austin High School Gang. Here are Bud Freeman, Jimmy McPartland, Joe Sullivan, and Gene Krupa, as recognizably themselves then as now; and one track by Benny Meroff shows the devastating effect of jazz spirits like Wild Bill Davison and Boyce Brown on a big band. Side Four is the Chicago blues in performances by Hociel Thomas, Sippie Wallace, and Chippie Hill (all three accompanied by Louis Armstrong), by Hersal Thomas, Tampa Red, Georgia Tom, Cripple Clarence Lofton, Big Bill Broonzy, and Jimmy Yancey. The fifth side contains eight listenable rarities, amongst them the Ellington-influenced "Zuddan" by Reuben Reeves and two numbers by a Paul Mares group, which made an early attempt at reviving the New Orleans band idiom. The last side enters the swing era with the two Hines big-band tracks, three from 1937 by Roy Eldridge's small group, and two from 1940 by Horace Henderson's band.

An album in Victor's new Vintage series of re-issues (LPV-504) provides an apt complement to the Columbia set. It is by the Isham Jones band of 1932-34, one of the most successful of all Chicago dance bands. The vocals are appalling, comic, or nostalgic, according to taste, but there are five instrumentals—"Blue Prelude," "China Boy," "Dallas Blues," "The Blue Room," and "Georgia Jubilee"—that reveal a surprisingly mobile ensemble. Perhaps it should not surprise, since this was the band in which Woody Herman was to be nurtured, but it does testify to the penetration of jazz into politer circles. There is also, incidentally, a 1932 version of "Darkness on the Delta" for anyone who wants a mad comparison with the Thelonious Monk solo on Columbia CL 2164. —STANLEY DANCE.



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# RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

| WORK, PERFORMER, DATA | REPORT |
|---|---|
| Albeniz: *Suite Española, Pavaña Capricho,* and *Cantos de España.* Alicia de Larrocha, piano. Columbia ML 6003, $4.98; stereo MS 6603, $5.98. | Persons acquainted with the prior recordings of Mme. de Larrocha will need no urging to acquaint themselves with this latest addition to her recorded repertory. For others, it may be noted that, as well as being deeply immersed in the musical lore of her native land, Mme. de Larrocha is a pianist of persuasive sound and winning artistry. The line between sentiment and excess in these works is very slender, but Mme. de Larrocha manages to keep to the side of discretion. In addition to such favorites of the *Suite* as "Sevilla," "Granada," and "Cadiz," the *Cantos de España* are replete with melodic matter of equal appeal if less fame. The *Pavaña-Capricho* is a delightful kind of *morceau,* which honors both parts of its designation. The recording, by Hispavox, is up to the international standard. |
| Bartók: Sonata (1926). Prokofiev: Sonata No. 7. Bloch: Sonata (1935). Stravinsky: Sonata (1924). István Nádas, piano. Dover HCR 5215, $2. | As well as providing a reminder of Nádás's uncommon abilities as a musician and protagonist for the works of his choice, this reissue (originally issued on the Period label) offers an arresting juxtaposition of four examples of "contemporary" piano writing—none more recent than the Bloch, which is already approaching thirty years of age. The most skilful is, undoubtedly, the Stravinsky, as the Bartók has the greatest intensity, and altogether, the most individuality. Bloch's strives for something more than it achieves, but Prokofiev strikes his moving target of virtuosity exactly. The attack that Nádas summons for the Bartók is all the more impressive in consideration of the discreetly self-contained manner in which he rounds off the corners of Stravinsky's reflective little opus. He cannot match Richter's forcefulness in the last movement of the Prokofiev, but he comes close enough for the outcome to be considered in terms of a contest. The Bloch is likewise well played, but it trades rather heavily in much-used impressionist coin. Good reproduction. |
| Haydn: Quartets Opus 3, No. 5 in F, Opus 33, No. 2 in D minor. Janacek Quartet. London CM 9385, $4.98; stereo CS 6385, $5.98. | In the manner of the Kolisch Quartet and the more recent Quartetto Italiano, the Janacek players perform from memory—which is of debatable value, but, in any case, a matter of concern for the players rather than the listener. Here they perform with a broad, forthright style, which is a shade more appropriate for the D minor quartet (Quinten, or "Fifths" is the pseudonym, because it is built on a series of open intervals) than it is to the early F major. However, leader Jiri Travnicek plays the "Serenade" of the thirty-year-old Haydn with delightful suavity and a fine sense of style. The E flat completes a survey of early, middle, and late Haydn, which is, in every changing circumstance, peerless of its kind. The recording merits special mention for its realistically life-size proportions and superb balance. |
| Mozart: Quintet in A (K. 581) and Divertimento in F (K. 247). Members of the Vienna Octet. London CM 9379, $4.98; stereo CS 6379, $5.98. | The same qualities that make the performance of the Divertimento outstanding in its genre—selfless devotion to a common conception—make the interpretation of the Quintet something less than it might be. In writing a work with a solo instrument as prominently employed as is the clarinet in the quintet, Mozart meant the performer to project something of his own personality through it. Alfred Boskovsky plays the notes with effortless ease and a complete command of his instrument's tonal resources, but also with a lack of the individuality long admired in Reginald Kell's version. However, as a by-product of a truly beautiful performance of the spaciously conceived (six-movement) Divertimento, it is not without its merits, including superb reproduction. |
| Poulenc: *Le Bal Masqué; Stabat Mater.* Louis Frémaux conducting an instrumental ensemble with Pierre Bernac, baritone; Francis Poulenc, piano; Jacqueline Brumaire, soprano; and Chorale de L'Alaude. Westminster 9618, $4.98, mono only. | This 1957 version of *Stabat Mater* has been superseded by a later performance on Angel directed by Georges Prêtre, but the inimitable *Bal Masqué* retains an identity for the participation of those longtime collaborators, Bernac and Poulenc. The former remains the model for anyone undertaking to reproduce these settings of verses by Max Jacob, while the composer's effort is much more than that of just another pianist. Needless to say, some of the wit in these sallies has dulled a bit since they were first aimed in 1932, but the direction is no less accurate than before. The recording of *Bal Masqué,* though not notable for richness or depth, is better than that of *Stabat Mater.* Both were previously issued by Westminster from Vega tapes, and have, after a lengthy absence, been restored to the former label's "Collectors Series." |
| Schönberg: *Verklärte Nacht.* Webern: Five Movements for Strings (Opus 5). Berg: Three Movements (*Lyric Suite*). Edmond de Stoutz conducting the Zurich Chamber Orchestra. Vanguard VRS 1178, $4.98; stereo VSD 711178, $5.95. | At first hearing, this sounds like the most exaggerated, arbitrary performance of *Verklärte Nacht* since the first one by the Spencer Dyke Sextet in the late Twenties. However, reference to the score verifies that it is literally faithful to every *ritard* and *accelarando, pesante* and *calando* in Schönberg's much-marked revised edition of 1943. The conclusion, then, must be that Stoutz's version *is* more faithful to the tangible markings than the intangible spirit, that the conception is not yet wholly adjusted as a totality. He also has a weakness for stressing unimportant secondary voices to the detriment of the important primary ones. In all, a well-played, over-effortful *Verklärte Nacht.* The Berg movements omitted are the opening Allegretto gioviale and the two closing sections: Presto delirando and Largo desolato. This does not add to a very representative treatment of Berg. The recording is excellent. |
| Schubert: *Der Doppelgänger; Der Jüngling und der Tod.* Schumann: *Der Nussbaum; Stille Tränen.* Strauss: *Morgen.* Haydn: *My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair; She Never Told Her Love.* Brahms: *Dein blaues Auge; Der Schmied; Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer; Gestillte Sehnsucht, Geistliches Wiegenlied; Die Schnur, die Perl an Perle* (Opus 91). Marian Anderson, mezzo, with Franz Rupp, piano; William Primrose, viola; and Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2712, $4.98, mono only. | The imprimatur of "Treasury of Immortal Performances" is hardly merited by these selections from the bygone catalogue of Marian Anderson. The performances selected from a representative period in her vocal career are accompanied by the anomaly of an orchestra in songs written to be sung with piano; in those with piano, the control has gone far astray, so that phrase-ends almost always sag from pitch, and in-between effects are equally uncertain. For those who can separate one element from the other, the quality of the voice and the depth of the artistry can be warmly commended in *"Immer leiser wird mein Schlummer,"* but only the artistry in most of the others. Outstanding in the Opus 91 songs is the sumptuous sound of William Primrose's viola in the obbligato passages. |
| Telemann. Partitas Nos. 1-6. Melvin Berman, and Kelsey Jones, harpsichord. Vox PL 14.020, $4.98; stereo STPL 514.020, $4.98. | The primary reward here is the discovery that Hartford-born Berman, who occupies the chair of oboe soloist in the Montreal Symphony, is a first-class practitioner of his difficult instrument. What is more, he is capable of adapting his sound to the modest needs of this instrumental dialogue. The music has no oboe character *per se,* for it may also be performed by violin, flute, or recorder, but Berman's well-shaped phrasing and keen rhythmic sense are all to the benefit of works that have the blandness of custard and not much more substance. One or another of the set—especially those on Side 2—might provide moderate listening pleasure for its own sake, but who wants a six-course meal of custard? Certainly Telemann was one of the most fluent musicians known to history—a kind of eighteenth-century Milhaud—but there is a desperate sameness to these works that no amount of artistry can dissemble. Jones performs his function well, and the recording is satisfactory. —I.K. |



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# Heritage by Mail

By RICHARD FREED

FOR the consecration of Salzburg Cathedral in 1628, Orazio Benevoli (1605-1672) composed a *Festmesse für 53 Stimmen* that is an impressive example of pre-Baroque festive-ceremonial music, scored for sixteen vocal soloists, four choirs, six orchestras, and two organs. That the *Festmesse* is known to us at all today is almost entirely the result of efforts on its behalf by Joseph Messner, who made the work a staple at Salzburg for more than three decades. A recording under his direction, with the Salzburger Domchor, the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, and assorted soloists, was available for some time as Epic LC-3035.

In noting the deletion of the Messner disc (*SR*, Dec. 23, 1961), we observed that the *Festmesse* "would benefit substantially from stereophonic treatment," but it has never reappeared in the *Schwann Catalog*, stereo or otherwise.

Now, however, though still not back in the pages of Schwann, the Benevoli *Festmesse* is available on records again. A disc credited to "the Festival Concerts Orchestra" and "the St. Anthony Cathedral Choir" under the direction of one Otto Schneider is the first listing in the unusually interesting little catalogue of the Musical Heritage Society, Inc. (Carnegie Hall, New York, N.Y. 10019), a new mail-order record company devoted to seventeenth and eighteenth-century music.

Like the deleted Epic, MHS-503 ($2.50) also includes Benevoli's striking *St. Ruperti Hymnus ("Plaudite Tympana")*, and it happens to be one of the few items in the Musical Heritage catalogue marked "mono only." The discographically oriented will recognize this, of course, as the Messner recording, in fact if not in name, and the three similarly pseudonymous discs listed after it in the MHS catalogue match up with other deleted Epics of Philips origin.

In the Pergolesi *Stabat Mater* and *Salve Regina* on MHS-504, also credited to "Otto Schneider," with soprano Herta Gross and alto Maria Gunther, the actual participants, as listed on Epic LC-3460, are Bruna Rizzoli, soprano, Claudia Carbi, mezzo, and the Teatro Communale Chorus and Orchestra under Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.

Couperin's *Apothéose de Lully* and Michel Corrette's G-major Concerto for Three Flutes were formerly on Epic LC-3383, performed by the Maurice Hewitt Orchestra. Should the music itself be forgotten, surely every discophile worthy of the name will remember the unlikely cognomen of the third flutist in the Corrette, M. Georges Boo. The listing of MHS-506, on which these recordings reappear, does not specify the soloists by name, but attributes the performances to "the Marcel Gerot Chamber Ensemble."

The final disc in this intriguing foursome finds I Musici masquerading as "Pietro Lotti and his chamber orchestra" in the five *concerti grossi* from Geminiani's Opus 7, which formerly constituted Epic LC-3467. Like the three discs mentioned above, this one (MHS-507) is in mono only.

MHS advises that the pseudonyms were supplied by Columbia Special Products, from whom the recordings were obtained and which organization does all MHS pressings. Whatever the reason for this curious procedure (reminiscent of the early Camden issues), the four records involved are all welcome returnees. Since they are to be discontinued when present stocks expire, let this be the word to the wise who may have missed them on Epic.

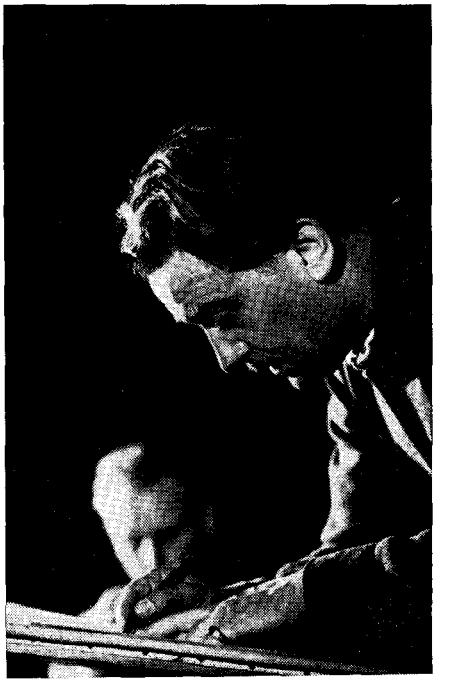
THE remaining listings in the MHS catalogue not only bear the respective performers' actual names (many of them both familiar and distinguished), but are even more attractive musically. Moreover, nearly all are of very recent vintage and available in both mono and stereo.

An exception is the disc of orchestral and choral works by Marc-Antoine Charpentier conducted by Louis-Martini (MHS-531), including the brilliant *Marche de Triomphe* and *Deuxieme Air de Trompette* as well as the splendid *Te Deum* which the same conductor has remade on Vanguard. This is in mono only, for it is the famous Erato recording that first drew attention to Charpentier when released here by the Haydn Society more than a decade ago. MHS now claims "exclusive U.S. rights," but the same material is still current on the Haydn Society label (HS-9012), at a nominal list price of $4.98. It sounds just as grand at $2.50, and the sound of this 1953 monophonic recording is still very grand indeed.

What attracted my attention to MHS in the first place was a Handel disc, reviewed by the Recordings Editor in *SR* last November 30. It is MHS-511, on which Jean-François Paillard conducts the *Royal Fireworks Music*, the familiar G-minor Oboe Concerto (with the splendid Pierre Pierlot), and—at last—a fine stereophonic recording of the first of the three *Concerti a due cori* (in B flat). The last title may still be had on a monophonic Haydn Society disc, but in a rather spiritless effort by the Copenhagen players (one of Haydn Society's few unattractive productions). The really brilliant work of Paillard's hand-picked wind virtuosi is abetted by a very well-defined stereo recording.

The bulk of the MHS offerings is derived from the French Erato catalogue, including the Charpentier and Handel records already noted, as well as several others on which the conductors are Kurt Redel, Paillard, Louis-Martini, Louis Frémaux, and Fritz Werner. Werner's entries are all Bach: seven cantatas on three single LPs and the *St. John Passion* in a two-record set. Helmut Krebs and Marga Höffgen are among his vocal soloists, and such stylists as Pierre Pierlot and August Wenzinger figure in the instrumental forces.

More Bach of interest includes the F-major Concerto for Two Recorders, Clavier and Strings, which is actually the composer's own revision of his Fourth *Brandenburg* Concerto. It is paired with the delightful A-minor Concerto for Violin, Flute, Clavier, and Strings on MHS-535, both under Paillard's direction. Kurt Redel's much-admired set of *Brandenburgs*, formerly on Westminster, now returns in stereo as well as mono in two-disc set MHS-



**Kurt Redel — "much admired *Brandenburgs*."**



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529/530. This is one of the rare *Brandenburg* recordings in which the trumpet soloist is *not* Adolf Scherbaum: it is, instead, Maurice André, who also plays Torelli and Haydn concertos in the MHS series and takes part in the *Fireworks Music*. Scherbaum does make an appearance, though, as soloist in the D-major Trumpet Concerto on Redel's all-Telemann disc, MHS-518.

Lalande's *Te Deum* (MHS-514) and Charpentier's charming *Messe de Minuit* (MHS-522) are both conducted by Louis-Martini, with Martha Angelici heading the vocal complement; Emile Martin leads the St. Eustache Choir in a fine selection of seven psalms, hymns, and motets by Monteverdi on MHS-538; and there is a particularly well-chosen assortment of vocal music by Lully, Couperin, Clérambault, Camprá, Leclair, Rameau, and Destouches on another of Paillard's discs (MHS-519). Frémaux, who has become something of a Camprá specialist, adds to his discography with two more of that composer's works *(Laudate Dominum de Caelis* and *O Jesu amantissime)* on MHS-515, together with pieces by Pierre Gautier de Marseille and Mouret.

Though some of the material on MHS is reisssued from other labels, by far the most of it represents not only new recordings but titles new to us as well. And, according to Mischa Naida, who operates MHS (and is remembered as one of the original founders of Westminster Records), recordings produced especially for MHS may be expected to appear more prominently among his new label's future releases. He has already issued four such discs, all produced by Kurt List (another Westminster alumnus), who even conducts "the Biedermeier Orchestra" on one of them (MHS-539), a collection of double concertos by Mozart, Haydn, Vivaldi, and Viotti, with Eugene List and Carroll Glenn among the soloists. Others feature wind music by Telemann, Dusek, Michael Haydn, and Karl Stamitz (MHS-528); little-known chamber works of Dittersdorf, Myslivecek, Stamitz, and Joseph Haydn (MHS-524); and some marvelously rare Handel and Haydn chamber works for guitar, with Karl Scheit (MHS-525).

At $2.50 per disc, mono or stereo, the MHS price is definitely an incentive, but, as RCA with its Victrola series, Capitol with its Paperbacks and Vanguard with its Everyman Classics have shown, this is a realistic price, high enough to obviate reservations regarding quality. The MHS discs I have heard all had remarkably silent surfaces and seemed first-rate in all respects. The jackets have no artwork, but are as sturdy as most, and if this economy enables MHS to offer first-quality pressings for $2.50, so much the better.

# Posthumous Tchaikovsky

TCHAIKOVSKY'S *Iolanta* is the third opera released by Ultraphone Records (ULP 106/107, $9.96) and adds further interest to its ambitious program of introducing in this country an extensive series of Russian opera recordings. It is unfortunate that the album provides neither the libretto nor a synopsis—particularly unfortunate in this case, since most of the books written about the composer fail to give any information about the story.

Of some ten operas composed by Tchaikovsky, *Iolanta* was the last, written during the summer of 1891, two years before his death. Opera was Tchaikovsky's favorite medium of composition. In his diaries, letters and articles he often emphasized the importance and the vast possibilities of this musico-scenic art. "Opera, and only opera," he said, "brings us close to the people, it creates a kindred spirit between the composer and his audience, and opens the work to enjoyment not only by a small selected group of listeners, but in some fortunate circumstances even for the public at large." In his periods of depression or discouragement while working on one of his other compositions, or when elated by some success, he often turned to composing an opera.

While his operas vary widely in their subjects, character, and scope, they are bound together by one basic idea as far as their librettos are concerned. In every one of his operas Tchaikovsky's main concern was with the treatment of the psychological motives that influenced his hero's actions and relationships. "My operas," he said, "should portray an intimate, but profound drama, based on a conflict of circumstances, such as I have experienced myself and which would touch me to the quick." And writing on this subject to Sergei Tanevev, he added, "I need people, not dolls."

For the ballet commission of 1891, Tchaikovsky's choice was the *Nutcracker* legend, while for the opera he and Modest, who was to write the libretto, decided on the then popular lyric play by the Danish poet Henrik Hertz, *King René's Daughter*. Apparently the story touched Tchaikovsky to the quick. Iolanta, the beautiful daughter of King René, had been born blind. In the ancient castle where they lived everyone was forbidden to mention her disability or anything connected with sight in the hope of permitting the poor girl to live a happy, carefree life. But the King never gave up the search for a cure for his daughter. A famous physician promised a successful operation on one condition—Iolanta would have to learn of her blindness and passionately desire to be able to see.

The development of the play is based on a love intrigue between Iolanta's fiancé, who knows about her blindness and who hates the idea of marrying her, and another knight who has fallen in love with her, unaware of her disability. Speaking of his love, the knight asks her for a rose for keepsake. Iolanta plucks one from a bush, but the knight asks for a red rose, not the white one Iolanta offers him. Iolanta does not know the difference. The knight, realizing what is the matter, tries to explain as he speaks of the beauties she has been missing. This, however, does not evoke Iolanta's desire to be able to see.

When the King hears that the knight has disobeyed his orders never to mention to Iolanta anything connected with eyesight, he threatens to have the knight executed. "I am going to see, I am going to see, and he is going to live," Iolanta passionately cries, and this is exactly the state of mind that the physician has required for the operation. The story has a happy ending: the operation is successful, the fiancé is released from his engagement, and Iolanta marries the knight who is in love with her.

It is interesting to note that of all Tchaikovsky's operas, *Iolanta* is the only one that in its lyricism and melodic invention is akin to his *Eugen Onegin*. It was given for the first time at the Maryinsky Theatre in St. Petersburg on December 18, 1892, a year after the composer's death, and has been frequently performed on the same program with the *Nutcracker* ballet. In this most interesting recording we hear a performance at the Leningrad Malyi Opera Theatre conducted by Eduard Grikurov. The quality of the Leningrad Malyi Theatre's ensemble is far from that of the Bolshoi in Moscow: neither the orchestra nor the soloists are of high caliber. Still, M. Doverman as the knight and T. Lavrova as Iolanta make a charming pair of lovers and are pleasant to listen to. The principal value of this album lies in its uniqueness—it is to my knowledge the only available recording of the opera and is likely to remain so, although the music, slight as it is, deserves to be better known.

—VICTOR SEROFF.



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# The Other Side

## Monteux, Britten

LONDON.

THE performance of Berlioz's *Grande Messe des Morts,* with which the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus under Colin Davis opened the second City of London Festival at St. Paul's Cathedral on July 6, has taken on a more personal meaning than anyone could have foreseen, because musical London, and especially the orchestra concerned in this event, is mourning the death of Pierre Monteux. Since he became the LSO's principal conductor three years ago at the age of eighty-six, this great musician, who was French by birth but American by adoption, had become a regular and most welcome visitor to these shores—loved by audiences and adored by his players, whom he always addressed as "my children."

Monteux was never a spellbinder like Toscanini, Furtwängler, or Beecham, but in an age when most conductors have become all too conscious of their prima donna status, there were few sights more calculated to reassure one than seeing this diminutive, rotund figure mount the rostrum, glance benignly at the youngsters around him, and raise his outsize baton to launch an evening of gloriously sane music making.

Whoever the LSO invites to succeed him (and the short list of likely candidates is said to include Solti, Maazel, Kertesz, and Rozhdestvensky, as well as Colin Davis), Pierre Monteux will be sadly missed by his players and by all of us who were privileged to enjoy the fruits of his great wisdom and experience.

Here, as elsewhere in Europe, the festival season is now in full swing. So far this summer the most rewarding event of its kind has been the annual Aldeburgh Festival, which surely deserves the punning nickname "Festival of Britten." Although it is by no means a one-man show, it does revolve to a considerable extent around the person of Benjamin Britten, as performer and composer. That 1964 emerged as a vintage year in East Anglia was at least partly due to the fact that illness prevented Rostropovitch from visiting Aldeburgh last June. As a result, Britten's two major compositions since the *War Requiem,* the Cello Symphony and the opera *Curlew River,* were both premiered within a few days of each other.

Of the strange and haunting opera, based on a Japanese Noh play, I shall have more to say after it has opened in London later this month; the Cello Symphony, whose world premiere actually took place in the USSR several months ago, is perhaps even more interesting since it must be many years since Britten gave us a work of such scope and significance without involving the human voice. Few if any composers of our time possess Britten's genius for setting words, but the Cello Symphony reveals a new mastery in handling abstract music ideas that augurs well for his future development. It is not the first fruit of his friendship with the great Russian cellist but, whereas the Sonata of 1960 seemed to me clever in its exploitation of instrument and performer without saying a great deal purely as music, the Symphony is concerned above all with musical ideas and structures in which the soloist's virtuoso accomplishments play no more than an incidental role. This powerful and, to my mind, deeply disturbing work (much of the music is brusque and sombre, the Scherzo positively sinister) is in no sense a concerto; the solo part is fully integrated into the orchestral score so that the two elements never "compete" and, despite the presence of a cadenza linking the third and fourth movements, there are no passages suggesting technical display. Despite this, the solo part is exceedingly demanding, and virtuosi who want a "vehicle" for their skill are unlikely to regard this difficult and musically exacting piece with particular favor.

From Angel this month comes the long-awaited Giulini recording of Verdi's Requiem, an album that can truly be described as the swan song of Walter Legge's lengthy and fruitful association with EMI. And it is no mean achievement, this finest all-round realization of Verdi's blazing masterpiece, when one considers that Legge not only created the magnificent Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra, but that conductor Giulini and three of the four soloists owe their present worldwide reputations largely to his energetic championship of their individual talents. Only the young Bulgarian basso, Nicolai Ghiaurov, cannot really be described as a Legge protégé, and, truth to tell, gifts like his require no special pleading. We have not heard a bass voice of such splendor since Alexander Kipnis was in his prime, nor so lovely a realization of the music Verdi assigned to the bass soloist since Pinza first recorded the Requiem.

If Ghiaurov is unquestionably the outstanding member of Angel's solo quartet (which, like the recent RCA version under Reiner, does not feature a single Italian vocalist—an odd state of affairs, paralleled by RCA's *Walküre* whose cast did not include one German singer!), Christa Ludwig's account of the mezzo-soprano part is almost equally satisfying even if her timbre is a shade too soft-grained compared to the finest Italian exponents of this music, such as Stignani or Minghini-Cattaneo. Not everyone will applaud Legge's choice of Nicolai Gedda, since the Swedish-born tenor commands neither the intensity of a Björling nor the vocal honey of a Gigli, yet his stylish and musical delivery largely compensates for any lack of tonal glamor.

While one cannot blame Legge for wanting to include Elisabeth Schwarzkopf in his last major EMI project, she is patently miscast in a part calling for a voice of Aïda caliber. It is no mean tribute to her remarkable skill and resourcefulness that she almost makes one forget her inability to endow the soprano line with its requisite weight of tone. Occasionally she indulges in stagey touches that do not belong to this work (her repeated "Salva me!" near the start of the "Rex tremendae" suggests a damsel in distress rather than a soul in torment) but, for the most part, she handles her music with considerable aplomb even if one can sense the caution with which she approaches the more exposed passages.

For the contribution of chorus and orchestra there can be nothing but praise; these singers, superbly trained

(*Continued on page* 51)

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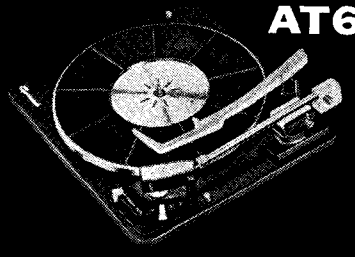

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# LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

## Humanizing Strauss

THIS IS A NOTE in appreciation of and admiration for the recent essay on Richard Strauss [*SR*, May 30]. As a lover of Strauss's compositions, I feel much better oriented to his place in the history of music and to him as a human being. Granted that I could have "read up" on him, I did not do so, and you have admirably summed him up for me and, no doubt, many others. As a tribute to Strauss, the tone of your piece was no less admirable.

ALBERT W. MASON.
Pasadena, Calif.

## Cecil and Sutherland

WINIFRED CECIL'S perceptive appraisal of the Sutherland *I Puritani* [*SR*, Apr. 25] said what has been needed to be said for some time. No one can deny Miss Sutherland's vast talents, and yet, listening to her recording of *I Puritani*, one does, as Miss Cecil observed, get the feeling that something is lacking. Perhaps we should judge (if we must) and compare these two artists (Callas and Sutherland) on their own special merits.

GEORGE L. MEEHAN, JR.
Los Angeles, Calif.

I WAS ASTONISHED and actually disgusted with the article "A Question of Majesty," by Winifred Cecil. It is an article that is filled not with criticism of Mme. Sutherland's performance of Bellini's *I Puritani*, but, I feel, with a distinct hatred for the artist in question. It is rather evident that Winifred Cecil is an ardent admirer of Maria Callas. . . . I am not comparing Mme. Callas with Mme. Sutherland in any one way—something at which Miss Cecil is extremely well trained [?]. I am a defender of the true bel-canto period, as I'm sure Callas and Sutherland are. To accomplish all the tasks of the bel-canto period is truly a "question of majesty."

ALAN-CLARKE HUDSON.
Williamstown, N.J.

## Query on a Critic

IS MARTIN WILLIAMS really qualified to condescend? To each of the colleagues he picks off in his review of Columbia's *Critics' Choice* LP [*SR*, June 27] he demonstrates marked inferiority in some way: social awareness, technical training, statistical accuracy, depth of appreciation, breadth of taste, quality of writing, size of output, or record of achievement. Moreover, every one of his targets cuts Williams in two essentials of jazz criticism: a sense of humor and a potential for passion. For these, Williams substitutes a dissector's blade, an intricate system for pigeonholing the parts, and a sophomoric pretense of Olympian detachment. "We have fewer critics than we have record reviewers," Williams reveals. Translation: Guess who is the only genuine critic in the room. Why, it's the Mysterious Stranger! Jackie Searle.

I'd feel happier about Williams's pedestal if he could ever be caught tapping his foot on it, or smiling. It's too bad. Martin Williams can be illuminating. I know more about Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor than I did before reading Williams. But he is spiritually the obscure-labels collector of the 1930s, liking nothing about jazz, only knowing what he knows. One must read his reviews with the mental blue pencil at hand one reserves for the writing of Hugues Panassie, to eliminate the prejudice and the snobbery and get at the worthwhile nuggets. And even these need perspective.

*Saturday Review* can be proud of past pages by Whitney Balliett, Nat Hentoff, and the late Wilder Hobson, and grateful for the presence of Stanley Dance. . . . The elite pose isn't Williams's cup of tea, no matter how delicately he extends his little finger.

WILLIS CONOVER.
New York, N.Y.

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## The Other Side

*Continued from page 49*

by Wilhelm Pitz, know the Requiem inside out and perform it with a fervor, precision, and wealth of nuance that have rarely, if ever, been surpassed, while their instrumental colleagues fully live up to their worldwide reputation. Giulini's reading of the Requiem has been among the principal glories of London's musical life for quite a number of years; since the death of Toscanini no other conductor has achieved so complete a sense of identification with this score or handled it with such assurance in matters of tempi, balance, line, dynamics, and accentuation.

The rest of EMI's July list contains little of interest apart from a handful of impressive performances featuring Szell and the Cleveland Orchestra: Brahms Concerto No. 2, with Leon Fleisher as soloist; a Debussy-Ravel disc featuring *La Mer* and the second *Daphnis et Chloe Suite;* and Haydn's *Oxford* Symphony coupled with Mozart's *Haffner.* Later this month, however, there will be a special release of two new Callas recitals in which the diva is supported by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Nicola Rescigno. One of these is devoted to Verdi excerpts and includes a truly ravishing account of the "Willow Song" and "Ave Maria" from *Otello;* two scenes from the rarely heard *Aroldo;* Eboli's "O don fatale" and Elisabetta's "Non pianger, mia compagna," both from *Don Carlo.* The last of these, incidentally, offers a foretaste—albeit one that is vocally rather insecure—of the complete *Don Carlo,* which Angel plans to record in the autumn: it is to be conducted by Giulini and, in addition to Callas, the principals EMI hopes to secure include Simionato, Ghiaurov, Fischer-Dieskau, and Gianni Raimondi.

If the Verdi disc is probably the more satisfying of the pair, its companion is sure to cause the bigger stir, since it brings Callas into contact for the first time in her recording career with the music of Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. Apart from some precarious top notes, her performances of the wonderful scena "Ah, perfido!" and of "Ocean, thou mighty monster" from *Oberon* (the latter sung in the original English) are, on the whole, magnificent. But I am less happy about the Mozart items—"Porgi amor" from *Nozze di Figaro* and three arias from *Don Giovanni* (the two sung by Donna Anna, as well as Elvira's "Mi tradi"). In spite of marvelous details, these cruelly expose Callas's present vocal condition and make one regret bitterly that she could not have recorded them ten or even five years ago.

With neither DGG nor the Philips group willing to launch new material at this time, it only remains for me to report upon an important CBS project that came to fruition at EMI's Abbey Road studios towards the end of June when Stravinsky directed a new recording of his *Rake's Progress,* aided and abetted by the Royal Philharmonic, the Sadler's Wells Chorus, and an Anglo-American cast including Alexander Young (Tom), John Reardon (Nick), Judith Raskin (Anne), and Regina Sarfaty (Baba). From what I heard at the final session, this should be a markedly superior performance to that recorded by the original Metropolitan cast over a decade ago.

—Thomas Heinitz.

### LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. wise. 2. Happiness. 3. temperament. 4. sacrifices. 5. suicide. 6. money. 7. sex.

*"Know what I like about you Freddie? You're a great human being."*

## Lehmann's "Müllerin"

COLUMBIA'S reissue of Lotte Lehmann's *Schöne Müllerin* (ML 5996, $4.98), vintage 1942, does justice neither to Schubert nor to Lehmann herself. It is an enlightening experience, to be sure, but it raises as many questions as it answers.

First of all, it revives the familiar problem of whether this basically masculine cycle should be sung by a woman at all. Lehmann's interpretive instincts were intensely feminine; her effusive projection of the lovelorn miller's thoughts may jolt those accustomed to the more restrained and now classic versions of Aksel Schiøtz (Danish Odeon MOAK-1) and Gerhard Hüsch (now available on an Electrola import). Nevertheless, there is artistic justification in Lehmann's romantic approach; also, sexual type-casting in lieder is only a recent historical development.

The seeming illogic of a soprano-miller would have been minimized, perhaps negated, had Lehmann been as well equipped to cope with the vocal demands as she was to meet the interpretive ones. But it must be recognized that she was well in her fifties when the cycle was recorded, and somewhat past her prime. Although she continued to give recitals for another nine years, the obstacles set by extremes in range and volume were already apparent. This is made painfully clear by her performance of "Ungeduld," which is fresher in sound and more persuasive than anything else in the set. By no coincidence, this one song happened to be recorded six years earlier than the others. (It had been included in a 1936 RCA album, and therefore could not be duplicated in Columbia's original project.)

Nearing the end of her career, Lehmann was faced with increased problems in breath and pitch control. "Der Jäger," therefore, emerges as a rather labored affair; the rhythm of "Wohin" tends to be choppy; and desperation, not anger, dominates "Die böse Farbe." On the other side of the scale, there is a singularly rapturous quality in "Mein," equally touching lyricism in "Der Neugierige," and understated pathos in "Des Baches Wiegenlied."

The jacket notes quote Lehmann: "Perfection does not lie alone in technique; this can only provide the instrument on which the artist plays." How regrettable that in 1942 Lehmann's "instrument" was no longer a fully responsive one.

Paul Ulanowsky, and Erno Balogh (in "Ungeduld"), provide accompaniments remarkably sensitive to the soprano's weaknesses as well as to her strengths, and Columbia's engineers have performed wonders in terms of sound rehabilitation. —Martin Bernheimer.



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(Continued on page 54)



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(Continued from page 53)

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# KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1581

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| A. Citizen of important Caribbean country one of whose shores is known as *Mosquito Coast.* | 179 189 139 93 46 27 194 35 86 101 |
| B. Where to find the "Yellow bird" that Harry Belafonte sings about (2 wds.). | 74 178 50 122 41 29 55 196 99 134 |
| C. Fairly recent novel by Steinbeck (3 wds.). | 71 59 10 154 34 191 108 51 175 126 |
| D. Recent meanings (as of words; 2 wds.). | 60 195 33 38 144 67 89 14 94 |
| E. Troche (2 wds.). | 104 137 166 158 43 61 113 96 39 |
| F. Often the main dish at breakfast (3 wds.). | 155 12 72 64 97 120 32 19 54 161 |
| G. Player of the line in American football (2 wds.). | 62 102 48 26 77 88 180 13 36 114 |
| H. Department of anthropology dealing with comparison of laws of primitive peoples. | 91 142 188 138 116 148 17 95 153 |
| I. Emphatically you-all. | 30 141 45 174 84 170 183 65 149 20 |
| J. Vergil's name for Italy. | 135 76 107 165 198 156 5 |

| DEFINITIONS | WORDS |
|---|---|
| K. Formerly, a vertical lever operated by the helmsman to control the rudder of a ship. | 111 31 9 24 145 123 80 2 85 |
| L. Farthest from the surface. | 49 193 8 128 124 200 |
| M. Figuratively, highest culminating points. | 82 131 197 157 184 146 4 110 |
| N. Impression of the pollex. | 23 90 25 177 169 185 152 81 147 11 |
| O. H of this list (2 wds.). | 112 66 79 56 187 121 28 44 117 127 |
| P. Reconstitute for permanence. (comp.). | 87 162 173 136 69 125 3 105 52 47 16 |
| Q. Dissolved substances. | 163 106 119 186 15 57 133 |
| R. Impossible freak of nature in cattle, supposed to have been faked by old showmen (2 wds. with comp.). | 109 92 22 70 40 78 168 151 37 98 83 140 115 |
| S. Independent thinking, supposed to postulate obstinacy (5 wds.). | 176 58 199 18 42 75 132 164 1 190 181 171 6 |
| T. What Goldsmith said "spoke the vacant mind" (2 wds.). | 160 118 182 103 167 73 129 68 172 |
| U. All that pertains to the subject under consideration. | 159 150 63 100 7 130 143 192 53 21 |

## DIRECTIONS

*To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.*

| | | 1 S | 2 K | | 3 P | 4 M | | 5 J | 6 S | 7 U | | 8 L | 9 K | 10 C | 11 N | 12 F | 13 G |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 14 D | | 15 Q | 16 P | 17 H | 18 S | 19 F | 20 I | | 21 U | 22 R | 23 N | | 24 K | 25 N | 26 G | | 27 A |
| 28 O | 29 B | 30 I | | 31 K | 32 F | | 33 D | 34 C | 35 A | 36 G | 37 R | | 38 D | 39 E | 40 R | 41 B | 42 S |
| | 43 E | 44 O | 45 I | 46 A | 47 P | | 48 G | 49 L | 50 B | 51 C | 52 P | 53 U | 54 F | | 55 B | 56 O | 57 Q |
| 58 S | | 59 C | 60 D | 61 E | | 62 G | 63 U | 64 F | 65 I | 66 O | 67 D | 68 T | | 69 P | 70 R | 71 C | 72 F |
| | 73 T | 74 B | 75 S | 76 J | 77 G | | 78 R | 79 O | 80 K | 81 N | 82 M | | 83 R | 84 I | | 85 K | 86 A |
| 87 P | | 88 G | 89 D | | 90 N | 91 H | | 92 R | 93 A | 94 D | | 95 H | 96 E | 97 F | 98 R | 99 B | 100 U |
| 101 A | 102 G | 103 T | | 104 E | 105 P | 106 Q | 107 J | 108 C | 109 R | 110 M | | 111 K | 112 O | 113 E | 114 G | | 115 R |
| 116 H | 117 O | | 118 T | 119 Q | 120 F | | 121 O | 122 B | 123 K | 124 L | | 125 P | 126 C | 127 O | | 128 L | 129 T |
| 130 U | – | 131 M | 132 S | – | 133 Q | 134 B | 135 J | 136 P | 137 E | 138 H | | 139 A | 140 R | 141 I | 142 H | 143 U | 144 D |
| 145 K | | 146 M | 147 N | 148 H | | 149 I | 150 U | 151 R | 152 N | 153 H | 154 C | 155 F | 156 J | 157 M | 158 E | | 159 U |
| 160 T | 161 F | 162 P | | 163 Q | 164 S | 165 J | 166 E | 167 T | 168 R | | 169 N | 170 I | | 171 S | 172 T | 173 P | 174 I |
| 175 C | | 176 S | | 177 N | 178 B | 179 A | | 180 G | 181 S | 182 T | 183 I | 184 M | | 185 N | 186 Q | 187 O | |
| 188 H | 189 A | 190 S | | 191 C | 192 U | 193 L | 194 A | 195 D | 196 B | | 197 M | 198 J | | 199 S | 200 L | | |

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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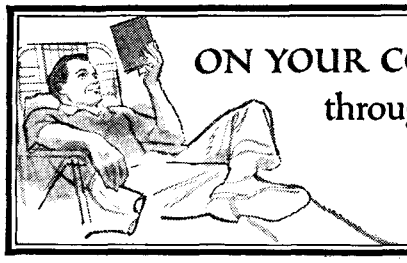

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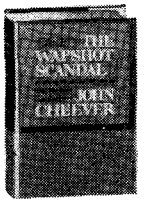


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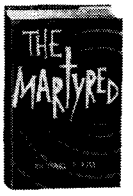


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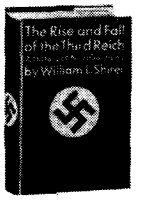


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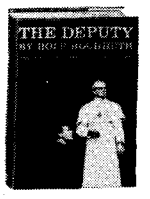


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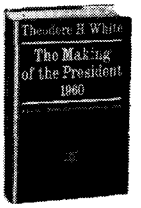


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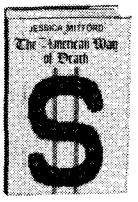


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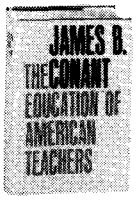


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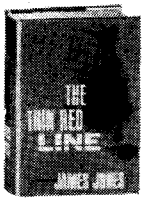


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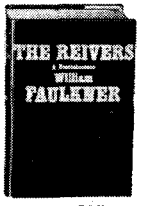


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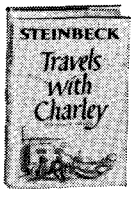


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